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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

IONIOS ANΘOΛOΓIA. Αρ. 9. I. London, 1834. Hookham.

THE first Number of a quarterly literary periodical, and the first that has appeared in Corfu. It is not only a literary curiosity, and a memorable sign of the times and the progress of intelligence; but, in several of its articles, well entitled to the attention of the learned scholar and classical antiquary. We believe it is to the devotion to literature of the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Nugent, that we owe this interesting publication, of which we will now give a brief description to our readers.

It is printed in three languages. Greek, the native tongue; Italian, by long use so familiar to all classes of the population; and English, with which the republic is connected by political union and government. The table of contents, a curious mixture, is as follows:—

"A few words by way of Introduction—*Σύντομη διατριβή εν ειδη Εισαγωγής*—Alquanti cenni in via d' Introduzione. Ο Λάμπρος, Τιμάχων Πυθιάς. *Ἀρχαιολογία*—Archeology of the Greek Islands. Inno al Sole. Inno alla Luna. National Education—*Ἐθνικὴ Ἐκπαίδευσις*. La Promessa Mantenuta, tradotta dall' Inglese. Βακχίος. Dissertazione intorno all' Arte Comica. Περὶ Χαμικῆς Οὐρανολογίας. Βακχίος. Γνώμη. Pomo di Terra. Διαφώτισμα Παλαιῶν τῶν Λευκαδίων Νομισμάτων—Illustrazione di una Medaglia Leucadia. Canzoni Popolari. Τι φίλημα. Delphi, a Fragment of a Journal—*Δελφοί, Τιμάχων ενὸς Ἡμερησίου*. Μαχανισμός καὶ Χειροτεχνία—Macchinismo e Manufacture. A Journey to Athens, first part—Relazione di un Viaggio a Atene, prima parte. Inscrizioni Inedite delle Isole del Mar Egeo. *Ἐνταύθι Νομίμα*—Honorary Medal—Medaglia di Distinzione. *Ἱχθυογραφία*."

Of these papers, we shall only allude to three, which have most attracted our notice. First, the conjectures on the Temple of *Ægina*, which is a very favourable specimen of the investigating spirit, which has yet such ample fields to explore in the archaeology of the Greek isles. This Doric Temple, known to us by the name of *Jupiter Panellenius*, offers a subject peculiarly interesting to the British public, from the circumstance of the noble remains discovered about twenty years ago, by Messrs. Cockerell, Foster, Linch, and Haller; and we regret to say, parsimoniously lost to this country, to become the splendid treasures of a minor German kingdom, and, instead of London, adorn and enrich Munich, the Bavarian capital.

The writer of the essay is of opinion, that this temple has, by travellers, artists, and authors, been erroneously supposed to be that of *Jupiter Panellenius*; on the contrary, he affixes to it a later date, and considers it to have been erected by the Athenians, and dedicated to *Minerva*, after their conquest of the island, and subsequent to the great revolution in art of the age of Pericles. We will not enter into the arguments on which this conjecture is supported, from Pausanias, Theophrastus, Pindar, Thu-

cydides, Diodorus, Strabo, Plutarch, &c.; or those by which it is endeavoured to be shewn, that the original Panellenian monument of the ancient period of *Æacus* could only have been a mere sanctuary, *ιερόν*, according to Pausanias, or a rude enclosure and altar; not a noble architectural edifice, *βασιλὴν πατρίδος Ἑλλάδος*, according to Pindar. We will only say that the reasoning appears to us to be very cogent, and the latest inquiries (quite new to us) to confirm the hypothesis in no slight degree. We quote the passage which refers to this.

"The following statement of Pausanias is also remarkable: *Διὶν δὲ πρὸς τὸ θεὸν τοῦ Πανελληνίου Διὸς ἱεῶν, ἵερὸν Ἀφῆας ἱερόν*. To this day, on going from the town towards the temple in question, you meet with no vestiges of any ancient building; whilst, on the contrary, in ascending the mountain, you perceive on its lower parts the interesting ruins of an ancient temple, a description of which is found at the end of this Number. The shady and isolated valley containing those ruins befits the purity of *Diana's* friend, the nymph *Aphæa*, whose greatest delight was the chase. From thence the ascent to the mountain is by a difficult path. On this mountain one looks in vain for the ruins of the *ιερόν*, dedicated to *Æacus*, because it either had never existed there, or it did not exist at the time of Pausanias. It may be observed, however, as matter of curiosity, that in consequence of the excavations and researches made by our recommendation, it was found that on the summit of the mountain, some signs existed of a very ancient edifice, the circular shape of which measures a semi-diameter of 46 feet. It appears facing the north, and had the circular form given to it that it might be enabled better to resist the violence of the winds. The building is surrounded by an *ἰχώρ*, after which, immediately on the declivity of the mountain, some ruins of old edifices are perceived, probably of a later date. The stones of the building, some still retaining their original position, some built in *St. Helias's* church, which is placed in the middle of the old edifice, and some scattered about, measure a height from 3 to 3½ feet. For all the above reasons, the appellation of *Jupiter Panellenius* is totally inapplicable to the existing temple.

"The existing temple, situated as it is in a distant and sequestered plain, is opposite *Athens*, and easily seen from thence. It is therefore evident that it was erected exclusively to favour the Athenians. May it not be more probable that it was dedicated to the goddess whose name was given to the city, opposite to which it was built? We are rather of opinion that this temple was erected in honour of the goddess, as were those of *Sunium* and of the *Acropolis*, both visible from the temple of *Ægina*. Besides, no statues, no representations belonging to *Jupiter*, have been found in the above temple; but, on the contrary, of the other statues, that of *Minerva* alone was found to be of colossal dimensions, and placed in the front of the *ἀντάματος*. What clearer proof do we want that

the temple was dedicated to that goddess? It would perhaps be not too bold to say that this temple was not erected by the *Æginetans*, principally on account of its situation. The *Æginetans* would not have erected a temple so far distant from their town, and opposite their rising city, for which, as we said, it appears to have been originally erected. It should also be added, that the style of architecture is in every respect resembling *Minerva's* temples at *Sunium*, and on the *Acropolis*, built in the days of *Pericles*. Thus it appears that the temple of *Ægina* was erected after the 87th Olympiad, the period in which the Athenians had expelled the *Æginetans*, with their wives and children, from their island, into which, for its proximity to *Peloponnesus*, they had sent settlers and inhabitants of their own people, to whom the land was allotted."

Unless, indeed, a more modern structure was erected upon the ancient site, it seems evident that these ruins cannot be referred to the period of *Æacus*, the descendant of *Jupiter*, and the progenitor of the *Teucrides*, who lived three centuries before the war of *Troy*!

The Second paper to which we would particularly refer our classic-loving friends, though couched in occasionally a rather ornamental and sentimental style (which sounds better, however, in the Greek than in the English version), is the *Fragment of a Journal* of a recent visit to *Delphi*; occupying from p. 150 to p. 177 of the fasciculus. It is a document of extreme interest, both from the recollections it revives and the present descriptions it affords. In a notice like the present, we must confine ourselves to a specimen of the *status quo*.

"The place of the games (still known by its classic name of the *Pentathlon*) is described as being beyond the town. But between it and *Castalia* (a distance of about a mile), you cannot fail to see where the main part of the city stood; with, on one hand, the inaccessible crags, and on the other the steep valley of the *Pleistus*. About mid-way, and on the side of the village of *Castri*, on rising ground, is a large space, part of which is now built upon; at the back of which, and near it, in the main street, is a Turkish fountain, which runs copiously—the only spring of water on that part of the hill. 'Returning,' says Pausanias, 'to the temple, you will see the fountain *Cassotis*, whose waters, it is said, flow under ground to the most secret sanctuary of the temple.' If further evidence were wanting to shew that the site of the temple was here, it would be afforded by the appearance of the ground, which is full of remains of large columns and elaborate reliefs, executed in the best style of Grecian art, and lying very near the surface. Hard by also is that dark and dismantled building mentioned by *Hughes*, one of the side walls of which is covered, for near twenty feet in length, and eight or ten in height, with continuous inscriptions, the letters small and neatly cut, which might, at the cost of some pains and trouble, be copied and deciphered; a work which has been only partially and desultorily

attempted by persons who have at different times visited the building, but which, if systematically and thoroughly done, could scarcely fail to assist with interesting detailed information concerning the history of the temple, as well as its precise position and form: for there can be but little question that this wall stood within its precincts. It is to be lamented that Mr. Cockerell, whose zeal and genius so eminently qualified him to trace out for the world again some probable plan of this great city, as it was in the days of its glory, should have had so little time to devote to this pursuit. No one who visits Delphi should fail to give his best attention to this part of the village, and the space immediately near and around it. It is on a small plot, almost in front of this space, that a person of the name of Frango is now building a house for himself, and for his children. Frango, though a poor man and of humble condition, is one with whom it would be interesting to converse any where. But on his own native ground, and that ground Delphi, and among the rising walls of his own house, and those walls rising in what appears to have been the heart of the temple itself, he is a person whom not to converse with before leaving Delphi, would be to leave Delphi without holding converse with one of its most interesting living ornaments. He fought gallantly for his country, under several chiefs, during her war of independence against the Turks, but never in any of those civil wars, which, during that renowned struggle and since, have, if not stained its history, at least deprived it of a part of its otherwise untarnished and blameless and surpassing glory. No offer of money (and much money has been offered him) has hitherto tempted him to sell any of the remains of art, some of which are very beautiful, that he has discovered, and is continuing to discover, among the foundations of his house. Before the war, he was as rich as any of that middle class to which he belongs, and from which, and from the class below which, always the most faithful, and generally most favourable, estimate is to be formed of the character of a people. His condition of life was as easy as that of any Greek worthy of his country could be said to be while that country lay under a barbarous yoke. In the war he spent almost his whole substance. With what remained he bought this plot of ground, on which he is working with his own hands. His desire is to embellish his house, forming it as it were into a little museum, dedicated by his love of country to his country's renown, where he may leave such relics as he may have found there of her high and palmy days, undiminished and undivided, to his children. He has already brought to light two large pieces of a very fine alto-relief—parts probably of a frieze—besides some inscriptions and other interesting memorials. May he continue to prosper in his search! Such things can no where be so well as in such hands. Along the Attic and Boeotian Road, which we have left behind us, there is much to engage a diligent scrutiny, and much to justify minute description—from the eastern gate (which is a little more than half a mile from the village), one jamb of which is yet standing, and the lintel of which is lying a few yards out of the road on the side of the valley, to the great place of tombs beyond, where is the famous sarcophagus—a beautiful relic, lately excavated. This, from the carelessness of the owner, who will not protect it, and of the government, who as yet have neither protected it, nor permitted those to purchase it who would, is now daily suffering cruel mutilation. It was formed of

one entire block of stainless white marble, more than nine feet long, the material of which is as bright as ever. But, either by the negligence of those who discovered and tried to raise it, or by a much less pardonable spirit of mischief since, it has been broken through in the midst; and two large fragments from the ends have been taken away. The relief on the front of the sarcophagus represents a boar chase, and the subject appears to have been continued along the two ends. The back is adorned with a scroll work supported by chimeras. At a few feet from it lies, half buried in the earth, the slab that formed its covering, on which reposes a female figure, of colossal size, wrapped in ample folds of finely sculptured drapery. This was the state in which, at the close of last summer, this fine monument was to be seen. But so rapidly was the spirit of wanton mutilation at work, that it may even by this time be much more defaced, and in all probability the barbarous visitations of a few more idle strangers may soon reduce it to a mere scalped and shapeless mass of sparkling ruin. Some miles beyond this is the meeting of the roads, the *Teiades*, the scene of the bloody tragedy of Laius, slain by the hands of his step-son (Œdipus).

The *Third* and last paper which we shall mention is a pleasant variety; the sketch of an excursion by some of our naval countrymen from Nauplia Anapli, or Napoli di Romania, for Athens. They travelled in company with wild Palicari, and fell in with yet more bloody and lawless pirates, but happily escaped from the tender mercies of both. The narrative is lively; for example, the start—

"No instance, however, had yet been known (though it was said some occurred afterwards, when things grew much worse) of any one who wore the dress of a British officer, and could be distinguished as such, having been attacked, or even insulted; and I confess I felt no apprehensions from robbers, though I had some misgivings as to the prudence of broiling for several hours on horseback, during the heat of the day; particularly as I had just met with an account given by some authentic traveller, and which it would have been most incredulous to doubt, of a Tartar who carried despatches from the Turkish Governor of Nauplia to his Excellency of Corinth, being baked alive on his horse by the heat reflected from the rocky sides of a long and narrow defile, which he was obliged to pass. The horse arrived safely,—so did the letters,—barring a little melting of the sealing-wax; but the man was 'done to death!'"

We must leave all the rest of the *Ionian Anthology*, No. I. to those whose curiosity this passing review may excite; they will find their trouble repaid. Typographical errors shew that our *Moyes* does not print at *Corfu*; but whenever the work circulates as widely as the *Literary Gazette*, we will pledge ourselves to export him, under the patronage of the Lord Chief Commissioner.

*A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c. &c., from 1827 to 1832.* By James Holman, R.N., F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 492. Vol. I. London, 1834. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE first of four volumes, within the compass of which the author proposes to give an account of his extraordinary and unparalleled expedition. It is handsomely dedicated to the Queen.

The marvellous character of travels so universal, and by an individual destitute of the organ of vision, would render it hardly credible,

were we not acquainted with his former exploits in Kamschatka and Siberia, for instance, whence he (of all men) was jealously deported on suspicion of being a spy; and also of his undaunted and indefatigable perseverance, and remarkable personal resources.

It has been objected to such a work, that a blind man could not tell us so much of the places he visited as one who could see; and that consequently a long narrative of this kind was too great an undertaking,—the intrinsic wonder of the adventurer would cease, and the quantum of information obtained would not compensate for what must absolutely be lost. But let us hear what Lieutenant Holman says on this subject:—

"My health was so delicate, and my nerves so depressed by previous anxiety, that I did not suffer myself to indulge in the expectation that I should ever be able to travel out of my own country alone; but the return of strength and vigour, and the concentration of my views upon one object, gradually brought back my old passion, which at length became as firmly established as it was before. The elasticity of my original feelings being thus restored, I ventured, alone and sightless, upon my dangerous and novel course; and I cannot look back upon the scenes through which I have passed, the great variety of circumstances by which I have been surrounded, and the strange experiences with which I have become familiar, without an intense aspiration of gratitude for the bounteous dispensation of the Almighty, which enabled me to conquer the greatest of human evils by the cultivation of what has been to me the greatest of human enjoyments, and to supply the void of sight with countless objects of intellectual gratification. . . . The picturesque in nature, it is true, is shut out from me, and works of art are to me mere outlines of beauty, accessible only to one sense; but perhaps this very circumstance affords a stronger zest to curiosity, which is thus impelled to a more close and searching examination of details than would be considered necessary to a traveller who might satisfy himself by the superficial view, and rest content with the first impressions conveyed through the eye. Deprived of that organ of information, I am compelled to adopt a more rigid and less suspicious course of inquiry, and to investigate analytically by a train of patient examination, suggestions and deductions which other travellers dismiss at first sight; so that, freed from the hazard of being misled by appearances, I am the less likely to adopt hasty and erroneous conclusions. I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels as the majority of my contemporaries; and by having things described to me *on the spot*, I think it is possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do: and to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless inquiries and insatiable thirst for collecting information. Indeed this is the secret of the delight I derive from travelling, affording me as it does a constant source of mental occupation, and stimulating me so powerfully to physical exertion, that I can bear a greater degree of bodily fatigue than any one could suppose my frame to be capable of supporting."

"I have ever," he writes at Fernando Po, "throughout life, but perhaps more particularly since the loss of my sight, felt an intense interest in entering into association with human nature, and observing human character in its more primitive forms: this propensity I have

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previously had opportunities of enjoying in some of the countries most remote from European knowledge—amidst the wilds of Tartary and the deserts of Siberia; and I can refer to the indulgence of it many of my more pleasurable sensations. I know that the world decries against the absurdity of an individual, circumstanced like myself, professing to derive either pleasure or information from such sources, and maintains that travelling by the fireside would better suit those circumstances, and convey an equally gratifying interest. I answer confidently that this is not the case, and that I believe the intensity of my enjoyments under the system I have adopted, equals, if not surpasses, what other travellers experience who journey with their eyes open. It is true, I ascertain nothing *visibly*; but, thank God! I possess most exquisitely the other senses which it has pleased Providence to leave me endowed with; and I have reason to believe, that my deficiency of sight is to a considerable degree compensated by a greater abundance of the power of imagination, which presents me with facility to form *ideal pictures* from the description of others, which, as far as my experience goes, I have reason to believe, constitute fair and correct representations of the objects they were originally derived from. It must be recollected that I have formerly enjoyed the power of vision; and, although my colourings may occasionally be too weak or too vivid, it is fair to infer that the recollections of my former experience are sufficient to prevent me from running into gross inaccuracies or incongruities."

So enthusiastic, indeed, is our author, that he invariably speaks as if he himself saw the things he describes. So much for this question; to which we shall only add, that the peculiarities resulting from the writer's state often give a curious zest to his "experiences."

In July 1827, he sailed with Capt. Owen in the *Eden*, touched at Madeira and the Canaries, and arrived in due course at Sierra Leone. Here he gives us accounts of the natives, of the election of the King of Boollam, of Liberia, of the Kroo country, of the Ashantee wars; of all of which, except the king-making, have, from time to time, been recorded in our columns from other publications, or our particular correspondence in these quarters. To vary the theme, however, we shall here insert a letter from two master workmen, free blacks, to a member of the council, with whom Holman was residing: it is a droll specimen of their education.

"Sierra Leone, Sept. 18th, 1827.

"Honourable Sir,—I have the honour of sendin you this morning with humble manner I was to the Honour D. Denney yesterday, about the trouble what I have, I was take work from the church-yard, and I finish it, the gentlemen I must made petition and I cannot tell who will go to please to help me from this trouble if I will get the money from the gentleman. Shew me the way for get the money by your Honour all the people what I hired I do not know how to do with myself—only you one I know because I was under your brother if any trouble to much for me I cry to you with humble manner I am poor black man—

"I remain

"Your affectionately and obedient servant,  
"JOSEPH RICKETT and GEORGE DUNE,  
"Sierra Leone Labourers."

"To the Hon. K. Maccauley, Esq. M.C. &c.  
Freetown."

Our next might have done for Capt. Glascock's *Tales of a Tar*.

"The following amusing dialogue occurred between two sailors who happened to be on the military parade when the soldiers were at drill, going through the evolution of marking time—a military manœuvre by which the feet, as well as the whole body of the person, are kept in motion, presenting a similar appearance to that which they exhibit when they are actually marching. One observed the other watching the movements of the corps very attentively, with his eyes fixed, and his arms akimbo: 'What the h—ll are you looking at?' he inquired. 'Why, Jack,' replied his companion, 'I'm thinking there must be a d—d strong tide running this morning.' 'Why?' said he. 'Why?' answered the other; 'why, because these poor beggars have been pulling away this half hour, and haven't got an inch a-head yet.'"

Having arrived at Fernando Po, Mr. Holman ably paints the customs, &c. of the painted natives, where

"Prince Giolo and his royal sisters,  
Scar'd with ten thousand comely blisters,  
The marks remaining on the skin,  
To tell the quality within:  
Distinguished flashes deck the great,  
As each excels in birth or state;  
His oyle-holes are more and ampler:  
The king's own body was a sampler."

"We offered," he tells us, on one occasion, "the natives salt to their meat; but they refused it with every sign of disgust, and even wanted to throw away our little store of this, to us, so necessary a condiment. They also shewed an equal dislike to tobacco; and when one of our party made preparations for smoking a cigar, the priest held out his rod as if in prohibition, while others endeavoured to prevent him from lighting it."

Mr. H. made excursions up the Bonny and Calabar rivers; and the annexed will fairly exhibit his talent and skill in acquiring intelligence:—

"This day was the Calabar Sunday; but it was not kept as the usual holiday, in consequence of the recent death of the duke's favourite brother. The funeral ceremony is horrible; but I feel bound to describe it for the sake of shewing the extraordinary superstition and bigotry that still exists among a people, who have not only been visited, but regularly traded with, by European nations for nearly two centuries. I shall introduce this individual case by premising that human sacrifices are lavishly made, not only in honour of the blood royal, but in a more or less degree upon the death of great—or, I should more properly say rich, men; for riches constitute greatness here, even in a higher ratio than they do in more civilised countries; the riches of these parts consisting in the possession of slaves. At the funeral obsequies of the duke's brother, six human victims were destined to the sacrifice; namely, three men and three women, who, however, were, with a strange mixture of mercy and cruelty, rendered insensible to the terrors of their fate by previous intoxication. Five of these poor creatures were hung, and placed in the grave of the prince; while the sixth, a young and favourite wife, was reserved for a destiny still more horrible, being thrown alive into the grave, which was immediately closed over the whole. These people practise many other superstitious customs, equally dreadful; and I am persuaded it needs but a recital of them, to prove how much they stand in want of the benevolent instructions of Christian missionaries. The laws of the country are worthy of attention, being, perhaps, the most curious, as well as the most prompt and effectual, of

any that we are acquainted with amongst the African nations. The whole of the Old Calabar country is governed by what are termed the 'Egbo laws.' These are laws enacted by a secret meeting, called the Egbo assembly, which is held in a house set apart for that purpose, called the Palaver house: of this assembly the duke, by virtue of his sovereignty, officiates as the chief, with the title of Eyamba. There are different degrees of rank in the subordinate Egbo members, and each step must be purchased successively. They sometimes admit Englishmen into this assembly: Captain Burrell of the ship Heywood, of Liverpool, held the rank of Yampai, which is one of considerable importance; and he found it exceedingly to his advantage, as it enabled him to recover all debts due to him by the natives. The following are the names and prices of each step:

1. Abungo..... 125 bars.
2. Aboko..... 75 bars.
3. Makaira..... 400 white copper rods.
4. Bakimboko..... 100 bars.
5. Yampai..... 850 white copper rods.

also some rum, goats, membo, &c. &c. The Yampai is the only class of Egbo men that are allowed to sit in council. The sums paid for the different titles of Egbo are divided among the Yampai only, who are not confined to a single share, for a Yampai may have his title multiplied as often as he chooses to purchase additional shares, which entitles the person so purchasing to a corresponding number of portions in the profits arising out of the establishment. Their mode of administering justice is as follows:—When a person cannot obtain his due from a debtor, or when any injury has been received, personally or otherwise, the aggrieved party applies to the duke for the Egbo drums, acquainting him, at the same time, with the nature of his complaint. If the duke accedes to the demand, the Egbo assembly immediately meet, and the drums are beat about the town, at the first sound of which every woman is obliged to retreat within her own dwelling, upon pain of losing her head for disobedience; nor until the drum goes round the second time, to shew that council is ended, and the Egbo returned, are they released from their seclusion. If the complaint be just, the Egbo is sent to the offending party to warn him of his delinquency, and to demand reparation; after which announcement, no one dares move out of the house inhabited by the culprit, until the affair is settled; and if it be not soon arranged, the house is pulled down about their ears, in which case the loss of a few heads frequently follows. This extremity, however, rarely occurs; for if the offender be not able to settle the matter himself, it is generally made up by his relations and friends. The Egbo man—that is, the executive person, wears a complete disguise, consisting of a black net-work close to the skin, from head to foot; a hat with a long feather; horns projecting from his forehead; a large whip in his right hand; with a bell fastened to the lower part of his back, and several smaller ones round his ankles. Thus equipped he starts from the Egbo house, runs through the streets, with his bells ringing, to the house of the offender, followed by half a dozen subordinate personages fantastically dressed, each carrying either a sword or stick. I one day asked king Eyo who this Egbo was, who ran about with the bells. 'What, you tink Egbo be man? no, he be debil, come up from bush; nobody know him,' was his reply. It is their custom, upon the death of a great man, to have one of his slaves, male or female, taken down to the side of the river, to make what they call a devil, which means, I

presume, an offering to the evil spirit. This is done in the following manner:—A stake is driven into the ground, close to the water's edge. To this the poor wretch is fastened, the head being pulled as high as possible to stretch the neck for the sword by which he is to be decapitated; and after the deed is accomplished they carry the head through the town rejoicing. These frightful orgies used to take place in the day time; but in consequence of the repeated remonstrances from the captains of vessels, who were shocked by the frequency of these horrid scenes, performed in sight of all the ships in the river, they now take place in the night. For my own part, I think that the noise occasioned by their savage merriment, and their running about during the stillness of night, produces a more appalling picture to the imagination than even the reality of the scene in broad day; the only difference is, that there are fewer spectators, as the greater number of those on board the vessels are wrapt in profound repose. The practice of burying the youngest and favourite wives with the corpse is by no means uncommon; and they resort to a variety of cruel practices for maiming and destroying their slaves; thus they cut off parts or the whole of their ears, a part of the nose, a finger, or a hand. One of the servants who waited upon us at the king's house had lost an ear in this way, for some trifling offence. After a recital of these facts, it is scarcely necessary to observe that the Calabar people are extremely cruel; indeed, I am informed that they frequently cause their slaves to be put to death for a mere whim; a practice which they endeavour to excuse, by saying, that if the slaves were not thus kept in awe of their masters, they would rise in rebellion: they also plead the necessity of it for preventing them becoming too numerous. These reasons form also their apology for countenancing the slave trade, a traffic which is most strenuously supported by the duke, who also trades largely in palm-oil."

With this example we conclude. From Fernando Po Mr. H. proceeded to the Brazils, via Ascension; and with Captain Lyon penetrated to the Mine Country, where the volume leaves him. A portrait, an excellent likeness, and some clever lithographic engravings, add to the interest and value of the work, for which we cannot but anticipate a circulation as wide, we were going to say, as the author's travels.

*The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer.* Translated by William Sotheby. Illustrated by the Designs of Flaxman. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1834. G. and W. Nicol; J. Murray.

GREAT and important as this work is, we are called upon to do little more than record its appearance,—an honour to English literature, and an imperishable memorial of the genius of one of our most amiable and most gifted poets. It has happened, that throughout the whole course of this arduous composition, we have been on terms of gratifying intimacy with the author; so that all the original notices of his brilliant progress, and examples of his successful coping with his arduous task, have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. Thus have several of the most famous and characteristic passages been published in our Journal; and we are proud of having enjoyed opportunities of preparing the public to appreciate the splendid treat which is now complete before it,—the triumph, alas! only dimmed by the lamented death of him who has given us a version of Homer worthy of the bard.

Observation, conjecture, history, and criticism, have all been exhausted upon the mighty

Greek; and indeed so much has been written on the subject of this admirable translation, that we should deem it an impertinence were we to waste the time of readers by the repetition of sentiments and opinions familiar to all, or prolonged descriptions of things already sufficiently and universally known. Neither shall we adventure into the wide field of remark which the question of translation offers: enough, that whatever are the best and leading qualities which belong to that very difficult labour, are here conspicuously displayed by Mr. Sotheby. While the English language lasts, these volumes will be referred to and quoted in proof of its powers, when exercised by taste, talent, and learning, to render a faithful reflection of every image which another language could create, and realise in another tongue, to the utmost scope, all that the grace, the energy, the evanescence, and the strength of poetry, could express. Homer is domiciled with us. He is no longer a Greek, he is an English poet.

As an illustration of this point, we beg to state a few particulars, which put the capabilities of our European languages in a light not, perhaps, undeserving of attention.

Klopstock held that it was possible to translate the Greek and Latin poets into modern verse (especially in the German language), so perfectly, that the very breaks and pauses should be observed—"nothing taken away, nothing added;" and he evidenced it in several examples, in private society, where the subject was mooted. Interested in the inquiry as a national one, when Mr. Sotheby published his versions of the *Georgics*, in six languages (see *Lit. Gaz.* review), a calculation was entered into, to demonstrate that the English was the most concise language, and that which possessed the power of doing most justice to the original. Thus in lines:

Book.	Latin & Greek.	Spanish.	English.	Italian.	French.
I. . .	514	963	574	607	615
II. . .	542	1045	637	945	654
III. . .	556	1144	634	938	642
IV. . .	556	1089	632	939	646
	2188	4241	2477	3709	2537

But the German, Spanish, and Italian heroic lines are twelve feet: ours and the French ten. In syllables the matter would stand thus:

Spanish, . . .	4241 × 11 = 46651
Italian, . . .	3709 × 11 = 40799
Latin and German, . . .	2188 × 15 = 32820
English, . . .	2477 × 10 = 24770
French, . . .	2557 × 12 = 30680

In words the Latin is most condensed; and our quotation, on which we made the estimate, gave,—Latin, 48; English, 65; German, 72; Spanish, 81; Italian, 82; French, 97, not reckoning the elisions.

These may appear, at first sight, to be mere verbal consequences; but they involve higher principles; and much of the merit of Mr. Sotheby's translations from German, Latin, and Greek, may be traced to the skill with which he has avoided paraphrase, and made the copy in size, as in lineaments and soul, a *fac-simile* after the original, whether *Oberon*, *Georgic*, or *Iliad*. If we compare him in this last scholarly production, with some imperfections it is more easy to note than to mend, and with a general excellence peculiarly his own, we would unhesitatingly place him at the head of all the translators of Homer. Chapman, Hobbes, Ogilby, Pope, Cowper, Pye, Hole, Shelley, Elton, Hunt, Howes, Williams, Cumberland, and others, (whose labours we cannot at this moment call to mind), are, either as translators of the whole epics or of selected parts, inferior to him in truth and fidelity, combined with poetic feeling and diction. In rendering

Wieland he stands alone; but again, in comparing his *Georgics* with the performances of the brightest essayists on the same author, how high does his name stand in classical honour with the names of Pitt, Douglas, Dryden, Trapp, Ring, Warton, Deares, and Stowell, who confined themselves to the same portion; not to mention the other aspirants in the *Eclogues* and *Æneid*, such as Beattie, Neville, Beresford, Andrews, Brady, Ogilby, Symmons, Phaer, Surrey, Brindley, Lauderdale, Sandys, &c. How many able men have laboured in the same vineyard! It is by looking at what they have done, and what our illustrious contemporary has achieved, that we can most truly estimate his value. The satirical jesting even of a Byron, misanthropically despising the idea of high endowments conjoined with cheerful complacency, and the fire of genius mixed with equal kindness of heart, cannot touch the just reputation of such a man as Sotheby; and it is only strange, that the loose words of a popular writer should have in the slightest degree, among the uninformed, led to any misconception of the sterling deserts of the distinguished individual to whom we sincerely offer this poor tribute of posthumous applause.

Feeling that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer by Sotheby need only be announced, in order to secure that respect and admiration which renders a work universally acceptable, and paves its way to every good library, as well as to those receptacles where productions of sterling worth, for now and for ages, are treasured, we shall not dilate upon this superb publication. Superb in literature, and superb in the multitude of designs by Flaxman, embodying all that can be imagined of classic purity, beauty, and grandeur. Merely to look over these engravings is a treat, such as is seldom enjoyed. The mind of Flaxman was illuminated by the brightest Homeric rays, or rather by such rays as Nature shed both upon Homer and himself; and this series is alone a creation which will be studied with delight, while intellectual pleasures are prized by human kind. Altogether we would hope, that not our faint panegyric, but its own rare merits, will cause this work to be received as it ought, in these days of flimsy substitution and vamping pretence. It is dedicated to the venerable, learned, pious, and benevolent Bishop of Salisbury, and to the Council and Members of the Royal Society of Literature, at whose meetings, during its progress, several portions of the MS. were read: but to every lover of literature it is an object of desire; and many popular works will be forgotten ere the memory of this noble effort pass away.

*The Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c. The Result of a Two Years' Residence.* By H. D. Inglis, author of "Spain in 1830," the "Tyrol," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Whittaker and Co.

It is true that we are far too little acquainted with the present condition of these islands. They are too near us for curiosity. They are visited by too many of us to be described. We will venture to say, that if a criminal or a Cockney were told that he was to be sent to Sark, he, the former, would lose all hope of ever revisiting the glimpses of Europe from so remote a region; the latter, go to the first shop to ascertain whether he should clothe himself in furs and flannels for the land of eternal frost, or calicoes and cottons for that of everlasting perspiration. They, and we (all of one cast), must therefore feel obliged to Mr. Inglis for the information so unaffectedly com-

municate we might don't like back again in the sea and real unknown sands cheser things, unpleasant have visit meanwh author, of the ar left to our than Bu their hee readers s He ha Jersey; have we, "One the aspe the extr business form a and the There is tween th object, at to get qu the nativ to make tainly the task. "Is woodded of its scr upon the lime; an coves exa beauty ar One you hardly fo diversity which, if Jersey is hollows a mous v south; n as rife in a tinklin make the which en that the without which n scenery w greatly s pect, and scape the uriant gr the trees creeps ov the rocks

"It is important the chief importance to and fifty b half of wh the fishery salions, bes and boy, oysters, af large are se set apart f Gorey fisher supplied 30,000. are produce of St. Helier's course and have been

communicated in these volumes. To know that we might see Jersey, if we liked, (but we don't like the picture of the people,) and be back again at our desks or counters any week in the summer, is a wrinkle to most of us; and really to go and make friends with our unknown 65,000 fellow-subjects, with thousands of tons of shipping, who send us Colchester oysters,\* and very improperly other things, (such as wines, &c.) would not be so unpleasant a trip some of these days, after we have visited all the rest of the world. In the meanwhile we bequeath the happiness to our author, and the 3000 British resident officers of the army and navy, who having now nothing left to conquer but Time—a tougher fellow than Buonaparte—make these untaxed isles their head quarters; and shall briefly tell our readers a little of what Mr. Inglis tells.

He has been two years there; principally at Jersey; and of Jersey and Guernsey alone have we, at this writing, read:—

"One thing," he says, "is very striking in the aspect of the street population of Jersey—the extraordinary contrast exhibited between business and idleness. The English residents form a large proportion of the inhabitants; and the English residents have nothing to do. There is, therefore, the constant contrast between that portion of the population whose object, and I may even say, whose difficulty is, to get quit of time,—and that other portion, the native inhabitants, namely, whose object is to make the most of it. The former is certainly the more difficult and the more laborious task. \* \* \* The general aspect of Jersey is wooded fertility; and the general character of its scenery is beauty. The scenery, even upon the coast, nowhere rises into the sublime; and, although some of its valleys and coves exhibit glimpses of the picturesque, beauty and softness are the prevailing features. One would scarcely expect to find, in an island hardly fifty miles in circumference, any great diversity of scenery or variety of surface, upon which, indeed, the former is dependent; but Jersey is every where undulating, broken into hollows and acclivities, and intersected by numerous valleys, generally running north and south; most of them watered by a rivulet, and as ripe in beauty, as wood, pasturage, orchard, a tinkling stream, and glimpses of the sea can make them. There is one picturesque feature which enters into every view in Jersey; it is, that the trunks of the trees are, I may say without exception, entirely covered with ivy, which not only adds to the beauty of the scenery when the trees are in leaf, but which greatly softens the sterility of a winter prospect, and gives a certain greenness to the landscape throughout the year. Nor is the luxuriant growth of the ivy in Jersey confined to the trees; it covers the banks by the way side, creeps over the walls, and even climbs upon the rocks by the sea shore. About two miles

to the east of St. Helier's, there are several elevated rocks, the bases of which are washed at high water, and which, higher up, are entirely overgrown with ivy; and from the natural outline of these rocks, and their green covering, they have all the appearance of ruins."

Flowers are luxuriant; and among others, a small ground-rose, of the finest colour, and emitting all the fragrance of the rose d'amour, which Mr. Inglis has never seen elsewhere, except in the southern parts of Bavaria. He says, further:—

"During the two years that I resided in the Channel Islands, I never saw a flake of snow, nor any frost which did not yield during the forenoon; and from April till October, I should say, fires are rarely necessary; and, in one respect, there is another decided point of superiority which Jersey possesses—it is the equability of temperature during the twenty-four hours. In England, a hot day is often, in summer, succeeded by a chilly evening; but in Jersey, the chill of evening rarely admonishes one of the necessity of closing the window. The dews, however, are extremely heavy—so much so, that early on a summer morning, one might easily believe that a light shower had recently fallen on the pavement of the streets. \* \* \* High winds are certainly very prevalent in Jersey; and this, as far as pleasure is concerned, almost balances the superiority of climate in other respects. A perfectly calm day, even in summer, is rare; and, generally speaking, even the finest weather may be called blowy weather."

As we have intimated, the personal character of the Jersey people is not very attractive. If they possess all the stern good qualities which most disagreeable persons pretend to have, they are woefully deficient in the gentle craft which, in the intercourse of life, almost compensates for the want of these virtues.

"The surplus labour required upon the soil, beyond that which the possessors and their families can give, or upon those properties which are in the hands of English residents, is performed by English, Irish, and French labourers; for Jersey labourers are not to be obtained for hire, though there is no difficulty in obtaining an exchange of labour, which is more consonant with their notions of independence. Among female servants, too, there is a good deal of the American 'help.' There is no absolute rudeness among them, but there is much of the free and easy; and the same treatment which would be acceptable to an English servant, would speedily offend the sensitiveness of a Jersey-born damsel. It is a fact, that in all countries where we find a love of independence, and where that independence of character is generated by independence in worldly circumstances, we also find a strong disposition towards avarice, and its natural accompaniments, parsimony, and excessive frugality. The origin of this is not difficult to account for: independence in worldly circumstances is absolutely essential towards independence of character and action; and men, therefore, naturally employ the means by which this independence may be secured. With acquisition, too, grows the love of it; and thus, we may easily comprehend how, in an isolated community, its members, gradually enriching themselves, and perceiving yearly the certain results of frugality, should acquire habits which border upon the niggardly and sordid. That this love of acquisition, and a strict frugality, form, with independence, another strong trait of Jersey character, is undeniable; and although it be

true that these traits are sometimes offensive, we scarcely can quarrel with that which presents to us a population without paupers; and amongst which there is no man who does not feel himself above the contempt of the proud, and the sneer of the rich. The love of acquisition, and the economical habits which accompany it, are incapable of being separated; and the same traits afford proof of both. Of these characteristics, abundant evidence may be found in the habits and manner of life among the country people of Jersey. I have heard it said, that a Jerseyman will do anything rather than put his hand in his pocket; and, judging by facts which have come to my knowledge, I incline to put some faith in the saying. It frequently happens, for example, that rather than lay out money for inferior grain to feed poultry, a small Jersey farmer will use his best wheat for this purpose; and several instances have come within my knowledge in which cows have been all but starved,—fed on the most miserable offals, or sold, at any loss, rather than go to market and purchase proper food for them. In these examples, which I am far from asserting to be universally applicable, but which are certainly not unusual, we recognise avarice carried so far as to defeat its own ends."

The next is a more general picture:—

"If your visit be made about noon, you will find a good fire burning on the hearth, boiling the soup-kettle. The fire is composed of 'vraic,' (of which I shall afterwards speak,) and a few faggots; and the soup which boils in the kettle is called 'soupe à choux,'—the staple of Jersey country diet. This soup, which is also known by the name of 'soupe à la graisse,' is made by boiling together as much cabbage, lard, and potatoes, as suffices for the family dinner. Sometimes, but rarely, a little meat is added; and sometimes parsneps or turnips take the place of potatoes. This soup is the never-failing dinner of the great mass of the country people of Jersey; and although tea for breakfast is now pretty universal, soupe à choux is still used at that meal by many. There is another soup to which this soupe à choux occasionally yields,—conger-eel soup, which is considered rather a delicacy, and is not held contemptible even among the upper ranks. For my own part, I have found it sufficiently savoury to justify its reputation. It is made thus:—to three or four pounds of eel, add three pints of water, one of milk, one of green peas, a half-pennyworth of sweet herbs, and a quarter of a pound of butter; boil all together for about half an hour. [How sick we should be!] Among the better class of farmers, there are occasional deviations from the 'soupe à choux,' or additions to it. About once a fortnight, a dish of corned or pickled pork, or salted fish, is admitted; and roasted apples or baked pears are a frequent accompaniment. This diet costs little; the lard, the cabbage, the milk, the apples, the pears, are all farm produce, and not valuable in the market; and the conger-eel, at particular times, is extremely cheap and abundant. Milk is scarcely at all used in a Jersey ménage; it is all wanted for butter for the market, or for indoor consumption. In fact, a Jersey farmer lives upon that part of the produce of his land which is the least valuable, and carries the rest to market. The apple-pies and gooseberry-pies which are so frequent in an English farm house, are almost unknown in Jersey. Roasted apples, and especially baked pears, which require no sugar, and which are always shaken off the trees in sufficient abundance for winter stock, are a good and a cheap substitute. The baked pear (especially the chaumontelle) is

\* \* \* It is owing to the oyster fishery that any peculiar importance attaches to this little town. This fishery is the chief support of Jersey, and is of considerable importance to the island at large. Upwards of two hundred and fifty boats are employed in the fishery, about one half of which belong to the island; and in recent years the fishery has employed as many as fifteen hundred sailors, besides nearly a thousand persons, chiefly women and boys, in matters connected with the fishery. The oysters, after being brought to Gorey, are sorted; the large are sent to St. Helier for sale, while the smaller are set apart for the English market; and it is from the Gorey fishery that the Colchester oyster-market is chiefly supplied. It is computed that between 20,000, and 30,000 are annually returned into the island from the produce of the oyster fishery. The oysters brought to St. Helier's market are of an inferior quality; they are coarse and tough, and scarcely to be relished by those who have been accustomed to the best Colchester oyster."

universally liked, and is a common addition at tea, not only amongst the country people, but amongst the respectable tradesmen of the towns. The pears are merely put into a dish, with a very little water, and are sent to the oven. They are quite sweet enough without sugar, but taste flat.

"Many of the habiliments, both of the men and women, are of worsted, which has been subjected to the knitting-needle; and not only stockings and shawls, but petticoats, and even small-clothes, are of this material,—the produce of domestic industry. Men's clothes, too, are frequently fashioned at home, though not universally; and it is a curious fact I have to mention, that the country tailors are all women. A Jerseyman would consider the occupation of a tailor beneath him; and this trade is therefore, in the country, in the hands of the females. A female tailor receives 5d. per day."

"They are not, generally speaking, a good-looking people. Of the stature and appearance of the men, a better test cannot be obtained than the island militia; and certainly, after a review of the two or three thousand that compose this force, one must decide, that the race offers few examples of fine, well-grown forms, or of handsome countenances; nor do I think the generality of the women afford any contrast. Sufficient reasons may be given for this: constant intermarriage will infallibly lead to a deterioration of the race. An ungenerous diet will also have its effect: unwearied out-door labour is the enemy of beauty, and unfavourable to erectness of form; and to these must be added want of sleep, which I look upon to be a distinguishing characteristic of the country people of Jersey."

"I do not know, that in those minor and unpunishable deviations from perfect honesty, which are found in men's dealings one with another, the inhabitants of Jersey are entitled to claim any superiority over their neighbours. I would rather drive a bargain, as the saying is, with an Englishman than with a Jerseyman; and among the market-people, who, every where, and especially in so small a community as Jersey, afford a fair sample of national character,—there is quite as great a disposition to over-reach as I have ever found in any part of Europe—certainly greater than in France."

"Sea-weed is the universal fuel of the country; and it makes a hot, if not a cheerful fire. Coal is scarcely at all used, and only a very small quantity of wood along with the vral; and this, even, not universally. On feast-days only, and family gatherings, a coal-fire is lighted in the best parlour."

This is altogether sufficiently uncheering and unamiable to keep us at home from the jaunt we threatened at the beginning of this review; but worse remains behind.

"There is one thing which has greatly contributed to circumscribe the views of the people, and to foster the too exclusive insular interest: it is the existence of a bitter party spirit. The whole inhabitants of Jersey are divided into two factions, calling themselves laurel and rose; and which, in their mutual animosity and extreme blindness, resemble the Guelfs and Guibelines of the middle ages. I may possibly have occasion to allude again to these parties, when I speak of the political constitution and privileges of the island. At present I would only observe, that the subjects upon which the animosity of party is displayed are necessarily local matters; and thus a feverish interest is constantly kept up respecting insular politics, often in themselves very unim-

portant, and which occupy the public attention to the exclusion of matters which concern the great family of mankind. It is utterly impossible, for any one unacquainted with Jersey, to form any idea of the length to which party spirit is carried there. It not only taints the fountains of public justice, but enters into the most private relations of life. A laurel and a rose man are as distinct, and have as little in common between them, as if they were men not only of different countries, but of countries hostile to each other. The most admirable proposition that wisdom and patriotism united ever contrived, if emanating from one party, would be received with coolness, or, more probably, with open hostility, by the other. In private society, too, the distinction is equally marked: families of different parties do not mingle, and even tradesmen are in a considerable degree affected in their custom by these distinctions. I have known laurel rigorously excluded from the chaplets which were among the destined rewards of young ladies at a public musical examination; and one hesitates, even, before placing a rose-bud in the bosom, or a laurel sprig among a lady's curls.

"This party spirit, so contemptible in itself, and so perfectly unimportant to all excepting those who are possessed with it, deserves this notice only inasmuch as it materially influences the state of society, and acts as a dead weight upon the progress of civilisation, and upon the march of improvement. It has crushed public spirit, which, unless amongst a very few, has no existence; for at all times the petty triumph of party is preferred to the public good."

"There is, generally, among the upper classes in Jersey, a total apathy in all that regards literature, science, and the belles lettres. This might be expected from what I have already said. It is not likely that literature and the fine arts will be prized, where the affairs of the world at large are disregarded. An attempt was made some time ago to establish a literary and scientific institution; it met, however, with the success which might have been expected; and an exhibition of paintings, which was opened in the summer of 1832 under the auspices of that society, created little interest, and met with indifferent encouragement. That such a society was set on foot, however, and that an exhibition of the fine arts was attempted, prove that there are some individuals in the island to whom the refinements of society are not indifferent."

Among the few memorable usages remaining, the following interests us:—

"It is termed 'faire braire les poëles,' and consists in obtaining a large brass boiler, partly filling it with water, and encircling it with a covering of strong rushes: strings also of rushes are attached to it; and these being wetted, the persons who surround the cauldron draw them rapidly through their hands, by which a vibration, and an accompaniment of uncouth and inharmonious sounds, is produced. At the same time, too, others blow through cows' horns, and swell the note of discord."

Of so curious a custom we do not remember, at this moment, either origin or parallel.

The system of legislature appears to be radically defective; and, though there are more than a moderate number of newspapers, the press has not much power.

"Without exception (says Mr. I.), these are the furious organs of party; and are conducted with apparently the sole view of pleasing certain partisans. The acrimony, invective, and personal abuse, which figure in their columns,

extremely surprise a stranger who has been accustomed to the more gentlemanly tone of the English press; and certainly reflect no great credit upon the taste of the public, who are not only satisfied, but delighted with this manner of writing; and who, with few exceptions, look upon the most powerful and nervous writing, as tame, if it be not seasoned with personality. There is indeed one excuse for this depraved appetite on the part of the public: it is, that both in the legislative body, and in the courts of justice, an example is set. The harangues in the 'States' are too frequently a tissue of personalities; such as in no well regulated assembly would be for a moment endured; and even in court allusions are made to the judges on the bench, and a violence permitted, very unusual in such places."

The case must be bad indeed when the author can compliment the English press on its comparatively gentlemanly tone!! Only to imagine our weekly oracles of filth and blackguardism being mistaken for gentlemen—in Jersey!

The cows would think highly of them; and "the number of cows every where dotting the pastures of Jersey add greatly to the beauty of the landscape; though, when one passes near to them, the discovery that they are tethered somewhat decreases the pleasure we have in seeing them. In apple orchards, however, in which the under grass crop is always used as cow pasture, it is necessary to tether the animal—and not only so, but to attach also the head to the feet, that the cow may be prevented from raising the head, and eating the apples, which she would be quite welcome to do, were it not that when grown to any considerable size they might injure her. All over England the Alderney cow—as it is generally called—is celebrated not only for its beauty, but for the richness of its milk and excellence of the butter made from it. Extraordinary milkers even among Jersey cows are sometimes found; I have heard of three cows on one property yielding each from sixteen to eighteen quarts per day, during the months of May and June—and of thirty-six lbs. of butter being made weekly from their milk. I have heard indeed of one cow yielding twenty-two quarts: but these are of course extreme cases. The general average produce from Jersey cows may be stated at ten quarts of milk per day, and seven lbs. of butter per week. It is stated that in summer from nine to ten quarts produce one lb. of butter—and that in winter, when a cow is parsnep fed, the same quantity of butter may be obtained from seven quarts—an extraordinary produce certainly. The profit on the best cows, the calf included, is estimated at about 12l.—30l. being the money received, and the keep reaching 18l.: but this certainly applies only to the best cows. Two vergées and a half, or somewhat better than an acre of good land, is considered sufficient for a cow's pasture. The price of Jersey cows has considerably fallen during the last fifteen years. A good cow may now be purchased for 12l. A prime milker will fetch 15l.; and the average may be stated from 8l. to 10l."

We leave, however, cows, agriculture, commerce, and a long treatise on the diseases of Jersey, to be read in Mr. Inglis's own language; which, let us say, *en passant*, as will appear from our extracts, is careless enough. Having done with Jersey, we shall not dwell on Guernsey. Its features of landscape are not so pleasing; its features of society far more so. The rust is rubbed off a good deal, and the folks of Guernsey are more citizens of the world.

"In 1832 there were exported 238 cows, and 394 heifers and calves. In 1833—185 cows,

and 368 heifers and cows. There are few points of island jealousy, I may say, indeed, of obstinacy in prejudice, carried farther than that which regards the breed of cows of Jersey and Guernsey. It is certain, however, that of late years greater attention has been bestowed upon the breed of cattle in Guernsey than in Jersey; and the law forbidding the importation of any foreign breed has been scrupulously acted upon. A Guernsey farmer would not upon any account admit a Jersey cow on his grounds. In England no difference between Guernsey and Jersey cows is understood; but the number of the latter exported being by far the greater, they are generally better known to the jobbers. The Guernsey cattle are considerably larger than those of Jersey; and it appears, from the evidence of the clerk of the market, that an ox has attained the weight of 1500 lbs. Quail, in his report, says, those of 1200 lbs., or 60 score, appear not unfrequently. I am told that a Guernsey cow, when its nativity is distinctly known, and when offered among those best able to judge, fetches a higher price than the Jersey cow. This may possibly be owing to the larger size; for there can be no doubt that greater size, supposing all the other points equal, gives the animal an advantage. The following is the description and standard of excellence of a Guernsey cow, transmitted to me by one well versed in these matters. Colour: light red, yellow, and white. The points of excellence are twenty, viz.:—1. Pedigree of the bull, as well as the cow; yellow ears, tail, and good udder, seven points. 2. General appearance; colour, cream, light red, or both, mixed with white, three points. 3. Handsome head, well horned; and bright and prominent eye, four points. 4. Deep barrel shaped body, three points. 5. Good hind quarters, and straight back, two points. 6. Handsome legs, and small bone, one point. I believe, however, this classification of points of excellence is not rigidly adhered to. I have seen it stated of the Guernsey cows, young and old, that the general average is rather more than 365 lbs. of butter in the year, being equal to one lb. of butter, or eight quarts of milk, in the twenty-four hours. But the proof of the superiority of the Guernsey cow, the most triumphantly appealed to, is the superiority of the Guernsey butter. Without meaning to take any side in the dispute, I would merely say, that the superiority of the cow is not a certain test of the superiority of the butter: because it may arise from the superior management of the dairy. That superiority of the Guernsey butter, however, I fully admit. I do not know that I have any where seen such butter as in the Guernsey market; and if such superiority really be a proof of superiority in the cow, the palm must unquestionably be awarded to Guernsey."

As our tastes lean this way much more than to the early details of Norman story, in which Guernsey is concerned (for there is not a point in the account worth the attention of our Old-buck), we shall here beg leave to breakfast. Next Saturday may be, as the Scots folk have it, "clean sark day;" if not, our readers may perhaps agree with us that the Channel Oils\* make excellent butter.

*Recollections of a Naval Life.* By Capt. James Scott, R.N. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

In our No. 895 we very briefly and hurriedly introduced this work to our readers; and the pressure of other novelties since, has prevented us from rendering it the just notice to which

its general character, and the remarkable statements of the third volume in particular, respecting the war in the Chesapeake, so eminently entitle it. The work of a captain of the British navy, and treating of a subject of so high interest, vindicating our national reputation from a dense mass of charge and prodigious calumny, must attract much attention both here and in America; and it would ill become a journal like ours to pass it over lightly, though we are perfectly aware that we cannot enter into its various claims to the extent that may be practicable and expedient in our more voluminous contemporaries on both sides of the Atlantic. To them we shall, as usual, act as pioneers.

Of Capt. Scott's entering the service, and his early career, we shall say nothing more than that his youthful passion for the profession was commensurate with the great variety and constant activity of his employment in every clime, and under every circumstance of hardship and danger. Starvation, wreck, risk, and battle, have been his daily fare; and that he is alive to tell us of his hairbreadth 'scapes, is about as much of a miracle as if he had been dead three or four times, and resuscitated in order to write his posthumous memoirs.

A narrative of his sufferings as a midddy, on board a prize, is appalling. After describing their course and vicissitudes, he says:—

"We had been virtualled below the full allowance for two months; seven weeks of that time had expired: it was Christmas, and we were nearly 3000 miles from our port, by the only track left us to pursue (the north-east monsoon blowing to the northward of the equator), with no hope of our remaining store holding out to support us thither. All hands were now summoned, and our true situation was made known: the provisions were again overhauled, and a poor exhibition it proved; ten days would suffice for the consumption of our miserable pittance of meat, and, though the bread distributed at one biscuit per diem to each man might last a month, yet these said biscuits, having been scooped out very cleverly by the cockroaches, were, by such officious doings, reduced to something less than half their original weight and substance. Our only hope of succour was based on the slender chance of falling in with some vessel."

They did fall in with one, and anxiously chased her for a mouthful of bread; but she dreaded them, fled, and escaped. The discovery of two cases (twelve dozen) of claret, prolonged and saved their lives.

"We determined (says the author,) to husband this treasure with the greatest care, and it was therefore agreed that not more than a wine-glassful of the precious juice should be allotted to each man morning and evening. In addition to this good luck, we found two small bags of bran, of which we made thin gruel; it was sour as verjuice, and played the very devil with our intestines; nevertheless, we had not the heart to throw the tormenting beverage away. It was literally Hobson's choice, and so we continued to drink and suffer, and drink again."

About 80° east longitude and 10° south latitude, we again got light baffling airs and calms, accompanied by heavy rains and occasional squalls. Not an ounce of meat of any kind was now left, and the scanty fare upon which we had for some time subsisted began to make sensible alterations in the appearance of the crew; their countenances plainly indicating exhausted strength and harrowed feelings. In another fortnight every crumb of biscuit had been distributed, and now our situation became painful

to agony. \* \* \* We tried boiled hay, but it yielded no nourishment. We then resorted to the raw hide that covered the laniards of the lower and topmast rigging; it was boiled, scraped, and when that failed in eradicating the hair, it was submitted to the ordeal of fire to effect our purpose, and then boiled again: this afforded us some slight relief, for we were ravenous; but the mastication it required may be readily conceived. I enjoyed the scanty meal, if such it could be called. Not a particle of hide was left upon any part of the rigging. A cat reduced to skin and bones had previously been sacrificed to our hunger. Even at this distance of time it is painful to recall the scenes of distress that were constantly before me; the loud lamentations of some, the silent despair of others; and frequently have I heard the suggestion of self-destruction as the best mode of avoiding further protracted suffering. I can scarcely depict my own agonised thoughts and feelings as each succeeding day appeared to render more certain the fate impending over us. The idea of perishing in so miserable, so ignoble a manner, far away from friends and country, was too much for my young mind to bear; and as the becalmed sails flapped against the masts, I gave way to uncontrollable grief."

A shoal of fish happily enabled them to sustain nature a little farther; and they were ultimately saved from perishing of hunger by reaching the island of Ceylon. We add a curious anecdote to relieve this melancholy tale:—

"A singular occurrence took place while cruising here: a large fish, of the baracouta species, leaped over the lee-quarter, and, alighting upon the arm of the man at the lee-wheel, bit the poor fellow so severely as to lodge him in the doctor's list for three weeks. It must have had its jaws open in this singular flight, and have closed them immediately upon finding itself in contact with the object first opposed to its further progress. It was secured, and paid the penalty of its aerial gambols and flagitious attack by being unanimously condemned to serve as a propitiatory offering at the captain's table."

On regaining his native land, our midddy relates a romantic story of the first-lieutenant and his strange wedding.

"Eight cruelly long years had passed away since our luckless lieutenant had left his bonny bride at the church-door. The knot had just been tied that had made her his for ever, and, having handed his newly acquired treasure into the carriage that was to bear him on the wings of love to some sequestered nook in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, he was about to seat himself by her side, when an intrusive messmate, despatched by the captain, tapped him on the shoulder, not to congratulate him upon the happy event, but to overwhelm him with the startling announcement that orders had just been received by telegraph to proceed to sea with sealed orders; that the ship was getting under weigh; and that it was his commander's directions that he should accompany him, without a minute's delay, to the boat that was waiting to convey them on board. 'I am married, and cannot come,' was of no avail; the messenger's orders were peremptory; he was not to let the bridegroom out of his sight, or permit him to move one step out of the direct route to the boat: despatch was the word, and quick the motion. The whole bridal party was thrown into consternation; the dismay of the weeping girl, and his own disappointed hopes, so infuriated the unfortunate new-made Benedict, that he loudly declared that he did not

\* Query, Isles?—Printer's Diab.

care a doit for captain, admiral, or admiralty, and he would be d—d if start he would; the ship might sail without him, but to put foot on salt water that day, the devil himself, and all his imps, should not force him to do it. His messmate vainly urged him to accompany him; his eloquence and entreaties fell alike pointless on the tympanum of the ears of the enamoured husband; he would hear nothing, see nothing, but the sobs and tears of his bride. His skipper, who had doubtless foreseen the probable opposition his orders might meet with from his plighted officer at so critically interesting a moment, had adopted the sage precaution of arming his envoy with more efficient powers than those of soft persuasion. The report of a gun at Spithead quickened the finale; the officer sent, declaring, however much he felt for the painful situation of his messmate, his orders were imperative, and go he must immediately. This brought on a refusal, couched in terms so clear and decided, that the file of marines who had accompanied the mandate were brought forward, and desired to take charge of the almost maddened bridegroom. Thus, what he had previously defied his satanic majesty with his attendant satellites to perform, was quickly executed in the shape of a serjeant and two marines: *volens volens*, the poor fellow was marched off, and conducted in gloomy despair to the ship, which was under weigh when he reached her: the boat was hoisted up, and off they started through the Needles. On reaching a certain latitude and longitude, the sealed orders were opened, which directed them to proceed with all despatch to the East Indies. What a blow to the last hopes of the despairing lover and husband! Often had he tried to invalid, but, alas! in those days a man must have been *bonâ fide* entitled to that indulgence: a fact which the good and portly looks of the lieutenant, notwithstanding his secret sorrows, contributed in no small degree to belie. In a state of widowhood bewitched, the fair partner of this double calamity waited with anxious hope, from month to month, and year to year, in that neighbourhood which had witnessed the ratification of her vows to her absent lord.

'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'

and doubtless the bitter truth of the proverb had been forcibly felt by the separated pair. No sooner, therefore, was the Howe secured, and the captain departed to wait on the commander-in-chief, than the invalid lieutenant determined (in contradiction to the mandate of the surgeon) to brave the dangers of a very heavy gale of wind, accompanied by rain and hail; and at the risk of being swamped, he left the ship, to bless himself with the sight of his long-bereaved fair one, and to claim from her a full reward for all the heart-aches and disappointments he had undergone on her account during eight anxious years in a tropical climate. 'Patience is a virtue,' and rarely fails, sooner or later, to meet with an adequate recompense. We saw no more of our amorous first lieutenant for a week. Oh the blessed effects of matrimony! The lieutenant was himself again,

'— For nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.'

To the great relief of the second and third lieutenants, he now found himself fully competent to resume the labours of his office."

Some rather ancient and fish-like stories of sailors attend the paying off of the ship; but we will leave Jack in these instances to Joe, and finish vol. i. with mentioning, that the author was in the *Blanche*, in the North Seas, when

she captured the *Guerrière*, after the gallant action, of which a stirring account is given. Neither shall we go at length or depth into the next tome, confining our regards chiefly to a Newfoundland dog, on board the *Myrtle*, yeapt Boatswain, of whose sagacity extraordinary matters are told.

"Whenever the weather would permit, the ship's company were allowed to bathe alongside, in a sail suspended from the fore and main yard-arms.

Boatswain's station, while the men were sporting in the water, was always on the gangway, couchant, with his fore paws over the gunnel, and his head so far advanced that he could obtain a clear view of all that was passing under him. Did the cry for assistance reach his ear, Boatswain would instantly distinguish it from amidst the hubbub of the multitude, prick up his ears, jump overboard, and swim to the person who appeared to require his assistance. Though fond of the water, he never could be prevailed upon to join his shipmates in this luxury; it would seem as if he constituted himself guardian of the bathers, watching their movements with the fidelity and anxiety of an old servant for the safety of his master's children. A marine who had just joined the ship, and who was unacquainted with the excellent qualities of the dog, endeavoured while bathing to entice him from his station into the water; the noble animal paid no attention to his invitation. One of the crew told the marine, that if he swam out of the sail, and would call out as if in distress, and suit the action to the word, Mr. Boatswain would certainly obey his summons. The marine took the hint, got out of the sail, and began to enact the part of a drowning man to perfection. The dog instantly sprang into the water, with his ears erect, his eyes flashing fire, from intense anxiety; away he swam for the soldier, who, on the approach of his canine friend, began to have some misgivings as to the wisdom of his proceedings. He now became alarmed, lest the dog should seize him, which manœuvre Boatswain appeared resolved to execute: his fears increased with the dog's endeavours to effect his purpose; and finally he roared out most lustily for help from his shipmates. The louder the poor devil sang out, the more determined was the sagacious brute to seize him; and he very soon accomplished his purpose, grasping him firmly by the hair at the back of the neck, and, twisting his face towards the heavens, brought him alongside, amidst the convulsive roars of laughter of the whole of the ship's company, and the piteous cries of the jolly marine. Boatswain would not resign his hold till the frightened man was assisted up the side; the bight of a rope being then placed overboard for his conductor, he placed his fore legs in it up to his shoulders, and, holding himself stiffly out, was hauled up, and calmly resumed his watch as if nothing had happened. This noble quadruped had saved several lives. Whilst lying in *Hamoaze*, a shore-boat, pulling athwart the ship's bow in a strong ebb tide, took the cable amidships, and was upset: he was overboard in a moment, and succeeded in saving a woman and a man. Whenever the ship's company were exercised at the guns with blank cartridge, or at the target, the dog was at the acme of delight and ecstasy; he appeared mad with enjoyment, running and jumping from one gun to another, as they were fired. When corporal punishment took place, he was the veriest picture of gravity that can be imagined; placing himself in the centre of the vacant part of the deck imme-

diately before the upright gratings, and watching with solemn interest the whole proceedings. Not so if any irregular disturbance occurred among the people themselves. Three men were quarrelling one day and came to blows before the master-at-arms could interfere; the animal was attracted to the spot by the uproar, and, not understanding this mode of settling disputes, immediately brought one of the combatants to the deck, and separated the other two, with the most perfect coolness of purpose. Boatswain appeared thoroughly to understand the discipline of a man-of-war, and never permitted any thing like fighting to go on without attacking the parties."

How he caught turtle is also narrated; but we have quoted enough to prove that he was a nonpareil of a dog, and a credit to the canine race. Not so to the human, as it appears, was a young Portuguese nobleman of the family M—cha—as, convicted as an agent of Buonaparte's, and executed as a traitor at Lisbon. The finale is terrible.

"The place wherein he was to expiate his errors with his life bore the name of Berkeley Square among the English; I forget its Portuguese appellation. One side of this square was formed by the quay on the river; Arsenal Street ran parallel with the Tagus on the opposite side. In the centre of the square, a circular scaffold was erected eight or ten feet high, in the middle of which rose a stout spar five feet above the platform. To the spar was affixed a seat, on which the culprit was to sit; the planks were laid five or six inches apart from each other, and were very narrow; the whole of the under part was filled up with faggots, plentifully interspersed with inflammable matter."

A prodigious crowd assembled to witness this awful spectacle:—

"The banners of the monks were seen waving over the bayonets of the troops. Suddenly the latter opened their ranks to the right and left, and the principal personage in the melancholy drama appeared, clothed in a loose white dress, bare-footed, carrying a cross upon his right shoulder. A high paper cap, bearing the inscription of 'Traitor!' covered his head. I can never forget the convulsive start, the look of horror that spread over his fine features as the scaffold broke abruptly on his view. Even at this dreadful moment, and under other circumstances, I should have recognised him by the striking resemblance he bore to his elder sister. He rallied and walked on to the foot of the fatal steps that were to conduct him to eternity. Here he remained in prayer for a short time with the monks around him. The last rites administered, the cross was taken from his shoulder, and, bidding farewell to his ghostly advisers, he ascended the scaffold, attended by one of the friars. He tripped at the first step, but, immediately recovering himself, mounted with a firm and resolute bearing. Here again for a short time he entered into earnest conversation with his religious attendant. He then submitted himself to the hands of the executioner, by sitting down on a seat I have described, with his back to the stout spar, against which his head reclined; his hands were then lashed together before him, and his legs to the uprights that supported the seat. The paper cap was removed, and a linen one substituted. The dreadful preparations completed, the executioner took his station behind the unhappy M—cha—as, and the monk having bestowed his final benediction by sprinkling him with holy water, the cap was pulled round his face, and a double cord passed round his

neck and brought to the post. A short stick was introduced through the bights of the cord behind the post, and twisted round. It is doubtful whether brutality or ignorance was the cause of the miserable scene that followed; its horrors baffle description. The cord was twisted so unnecessarily tight, that it broke; a line of blood distinctly shewed itself on the white cap where the rope had encircled the neck. The struggles of the agonised victim were dreadful. Another cord was supplied, and the same cruel result again ensued. The wretched M-cha-as succeeded in lifting his cap, and discovered to us a countenance so fraught with reproach, anguish, and unutterable despair, that my soul sickens at the remembrance of his sufferings, nor can his tortured features ever be obliterated from my mind. A general murmur of indignation burst forth from the assembled multitude. I will not harass the feelings of my readers by further details of this distressing scene: suffice it to say that the sufferings of the unhappy M-cha-as were not terminated until the ropes from both his legs were successively applied to effect his strangulation. The body was then taken from the seat, laid at length upon the open platform, and the faggots underneath were ignited. When the flames reached the corpse, the arms extended, and the body turned right round. A smothered cry of horror broke from the majority of the spectators at this extraordinary sight: many believed he was still alive; but by the rational part of the assembly it was supposed to be caused by the action of the heat on the muscles. All that remained of the once gallant young nobleman was quickly reduced to ashes, and were cast into the Tagus, according to the sentence."

An essay eulogatory of slavery in so far as the condition of the West Indies is concerned, is the only other feature we shall note in this volume; and now pass to the main subject, the author's view and history of the war as carried on by Sir George Cockburn in the Chesapeake, which he declares to be for the purpose of dispelling the false shade thrown over these operations detrimental to the British character, and not only proceeding from a mass of rancorous fictions invented and propagated by the American press, but countenanced by a commander in our navy, and by one or two other ill-informed English writers, including a midshipman of the *Menelaus*,—see p. 266 for the refutation of this imaginative piece of fine writing. As our part in this question must be neutral as to the past, and simply initiative (as the French quidnuncs say) as to the future, we shall now refer to our notes, and lo! we are in the Chesapeake with the force under the enterprising Sir George Cockburn.

Lieut. Polkinghorne, as Capt. Scott states it, in five open boats, one twelve-pounder carronade, and one hundred and five officers and men, by a dashing exploit, attacked and captured an American force consisting of

"The Arab"	7 guns upwards	of 380 tons	45 men.
The Lynx	6 . . . . .	280 . . . . .	40 . . . . .
The Racer	6 . . . . .	280 . . . . .	36 . . . . .
The Dolphin	12 . . . . .	300 . . . . .	98"

The enemy's account of this affair draws from the author the following remarks:—

"If the Americans are to be believed, there are no people endowed with a greater portion of valorous ingredients than themselves. The Barbadian's character of himself might be admirably adopted by our Transatlantic friends.—'Him had only one fault, him really too brave.'"

"Some days after the capture of the armed schooners, when we had proceeded off the Pa-

tapsco, an Annapolis newspaper fell into our hands, giving a most awful account of the conflict that had taken place in the Rappahannock river. It appeared in the form of a declaration before certain magistrates, emanating from some of the parties who had succeeded in getting on shore. It was couched to the following effect: 'Appeared before me this—day of April 1813, [here followed the names of the parties], and voluntarily swear by the twelve Apostles and the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that on the 3d instant, the Dolphin privateer, Lynx, Racer, and Arab, letters of marque, belonging to the United States, being in the Rappahannock river, were attacked by British barges, [the number was something outrageous], each carrying a long gun and from fifty to one hundred men, and after a bloody and obstinate battle, in which several of the British barges were sunk, and an immense slaughter of the enemy on the decks of our vessels, they were overpowered by overwhelming numbers, and taken possession of.' As a clench to the foregoing account appeared another affidavit, deposed to by the fishermen of the Rappahannock. 'Appeared before me this—day of April in the year of our Lord 1813, [here are the names] and make oath, that on drawing their nets in the Rappahannock river, off Point—, the 6th instant, they brought up [I think it was] eighty British bodies killed in the combat three days before.' These notable declarations, I presume, passed current, like many others of a similar nature, throughout the States. The officers of the captured vessels appeared to feel ashamed of the barefaced exaggeration, and loudly exclaimed that they would expose the falsity and folly of the statement; but we never saw any paper containing a contradiction of it.—I have been unable to procure a sight of the file of the Annapolis papers in which the foregoing account was inserted, but it will not be uninteresting to subjoin the American account of the affair, from *Nile's Register*, published at Baltimore. Vol. iv. page 104. 'Friday afternoon, April 10. The city is full of rumours. It is stated that the Dolphin was attacked by seventeen boats, with from forty to fifty men in each, and that she had thirty-six men killed before she struck her colours: two of the enemy's barges were sunk.'

Other statements are still more wonderful; *ex. gr.*:—

"The weather being calm, a furious attack soon commenced. Two of the letters of marque were speedily taken, making but a slight resistance; the other was run on shore, and all her people escaped but three. The Dolphin bore the brunt of the action; and the whole enemy's force was soon directed to her. It was indeed a desperate fight against fearful odds. The contest was sustained for two hours with a gallantry peculiar to American sailors. The enemy finally succeeded in boarding; but the fight was not done. On the Dolphin's deck the battle lasted fifteen minutes, when, overwhelmed by numbers, the brave Stafford submitted."

[To be continued.]

#### TRADES' UNIONS.

*Strikes and Sticks.* By Harriet Martineau. Pp. 29. Durham, J. H. Veitch; London, C. Fox, Ridgway; Newcastle, Charnley; Sunderland, Marwood.

STICK, it seems, is the north-country word for a stand or combination among workmen, and equivalent to our more southern STRIKE; respecting the principle and effects of which,

by whatever name called, it is the object of these few, but patriotic and just, pages to open the eyes of the country, and especially of the deluded parties more immediately concerned in them. They are led to think that UNIONS against the masters will improve their condition, by dictatorially raising their wages. Miss M. endeavours to shew them that, on the contrary, such attempts must tend to lower their wages, abridge their comforts, and destroy their independence; and that, enlightened as they are on the true extent of their masters' capabilities and profits, it is only by an *Union of interests with them* that they can hope to be individually or collectively happy.

We have long been alive to this vitally important subject, and have only wondered how slowly the general apprehension was awakened to its portentous aspects. But the black speck in the horizon, like the tropical tornado, has at length gathered its terrible forces into such a cloud, that the whole sky is overcast by it; and now the only question is, when it is likely to burst, what is the amount and nature of the damage it threatens, and if there be a possibility of controlling the storm, or erecting conductors, by which its fury may be averted?

We feel that we can add little to the laudable efforts of the writer in this respect; but if we can in any degree add her persuasive statements, and convince even a small portion of our misguided fellow-citizens, and also the unmoved lookers-on at this fast-approaching crisis, that the paths of the one lead to a destruction to which the apathy of the other will signally contribute, we shall have done our duty as a single organ of that vast machine, the press, whose negligence of such a topic would be a traitorous crime. But let us not be misunderstood. So far from desiring to take it up as a political question, we are convinced that its being so taken up is the cause why nearly all the reasoning we have seen or read about it has produced little or no impression on the public mind. It is no party business; it is an affair of the deepest national consideration. And what does it signify to the nation, whether a Whig government encouraged or discouraged Unions for the sake of carrying a great measure; or whether Tories joined them in order to promote the success of this or that election? Wo to the people who care for the proceedings of either faction when their own safety depends on disregarding both; and when a manifold and direct investigation of all the intrinsic circumstances can alone lead them to a just and fortunate conclusion! These Unions have been connected, and will no doubt be connected, with political projects; but the essence of their being and power is of universal appliance, and it behoves every individual to inquire and judge of the consequences as they refer to himself. Let us repudiate, therefore, every class of ambitious strugglers, and address ourselves to the community in the language of common sense and calm reason. If combinations (and to the extent they are now carried) are good for England, or good for their members, or promise good to either, let us in the first case support them as we ought to do—in the second try to balance the account of partial benefit against partial loss, and decide in favour of the greatest good. If, on the other hand, these combinations are bad for England, or bad for their members, or promise ill instead of good to each, let us put down the danger; and, weighing every possible event, dispel the ignorance which creates it, and save the mistaken from the injury they are hastening to

bring upon their own heads. Let them look upon their leaders, a class of minor agitators, who live upon the spoils of those they stir up to action—men of broken fortunes and evil designs, to whom the prey of the many is power and fortune.

The inevitable disturbances of trade to which our country, above all others that ever existed, is exposed increases our peril. If we are in such a precarious position as our present, when commerce is comparatively brisk and the prices of labour fair, what could we expect to be should any considerable fluctuation ensue, attended by a deficiency of provisions and rise in their value, and a fall in wages? It is fearful to contemplate the prospect.

*Live and let live* used to be a favourite motto with honest Englishmen; and indeed it deserved to be so, for it is strictly in accordance with the golden rule—do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Is there one workman in England who, if his industry raised him to be a master, would endure his late companions in the shop to dictate to him whom he should employ and what he should pay for their services? So high is our opinion of the lowest labourer, with the blood of our common country running in his veins, that we do not believe there is one so pluckless and mean-spirited! No, John Bull cannot have lost all his character and all his characteristics; he is not the animal to be led by the nose, and exhibited by the showman like a bruin in degrading bondage.

But relying on this independent feeling, on the uprightness which would keep a man from endeavouring to compel another to do that to which he would not submit himself, care ought to be taken to guard against any combination of masters, or any acts of overgrown monopoly, to oppress the multitude so far thrown upon them for employment. It is an undeniable sign of an ill-regulated land, where health, strength, and a willingness to work, are not able to procure a comfortable subsistence. We cannot force idleness to exertion, nor vice to abstain from waste, nor age and decrepitude to perform the functions of youth and vigour; but a right system ought to discriminate among these masses—let the idle perceive that they cannot fare like the industrious, the vicious know that waste implies want, provide what is necessary for the old and infirm, and supply the really useful class with the means of contributing to their country's prosperity, while they themselves enjoy smiling abundance and plenteous content.

Are these divisions and distinctions—we would put it to the million of Unionists now said to be banded together—likely to result from their blind and suicidal conduct? What says our observant and acute author?—

"It is certain that the most intelligent and honest men have seen enough of strikes to be convinced that they answer no good purpose, and therefore to decline joining them. If such a matter could be put to the vote, it would be found that the very best men of the working-classes are against turning-out, as certainly as that the very worst are in favour of it. If so, it follows that such struggles must grow shorter and weaker in proportion as the best men draw off; the mismanagement and the misery will increase, and the strugglers will be obliged to give in the sooner. There are very plain reasons for the worst men of the working class being disposed to patronise strikes. If an idle fellow, who likes any thing better than work, sees an honest delegate on his travels, he begins to think that it must be very plea-

sant to jaunt about at other people's expense. The next thing is to set about stirring up discontents that may lead to a turn-out, and perhaps to his being sent on his travels, and made a great man of. A tippler, who sees a committee-man moistening his throat with ale, before he delivers his sentiments, longs to sit and drink ale that the general fund must pay for. A vain man courts such a fine opportunity of making speeches; and the proud man of getting known. These few stir up a strike, and delude many thousands of people much better than themselves. There is no saying how much mischief they may do among the simple-minded, if the wisest men of the class are not present, to be a match for the agitators. There are too many men in our manufacturing cities and in our collieries who could point to one or another of such jobbers as their most cruel enemy. Jobbing is bad enough every where, and in every way; but the most detestable jobbing of all is that of the cunning and idle, to the injury of the simple-minded and industrious. It makes one's blood boil to think of four or six sly unprincipled fellows flattering so many thousands about their interests and their liberties, while they are making slaves of them, and bringing them down to starvation, that they themselves may fatten on the substance they never tried to earn."

With the exception of the hope expressed, that the system is in that state that it must speedily "give in," we cordially agree with this true and sensible picture. The ambition of taking the lead, and the chance of becoming a well-paid delegate or committee-man, operate as a strong principle and inducement to numbers. It is a fact that only one in a hundred, or three hundred, can reach these enviable distinctions; but, as in all other human pursuits, the expectancy holds the many faithful and active. Even the notoriety of talking at meetings, discussing, and playing at sorts of parliaments or vestries, is a powerful excitement to numbers; while to others the mysteries of signs, and oaths, and marks however humble, are so captivating as to recruit the ranks with, we fear, their worst associates.

Then come the delusive arguments, which it is no easy thing to dissipate. *Can we be worse off?* the cry of some, is almost too painfully true; and it only becomes false and mischievous when adopted by a whole body, the vast majority of which not only could, but would be infinitely worse off by the change their cruel and selfish leaders desire, and tempt them by strife to accomplish. *Do not we know our own interests best?* is another *ad captandum* inducement too well calculated to enlist the vanity of the heart, not to produce much effect. Yet how few of the most intelligent, experienced, and wisest men are really the best judges of what their own interests demand? How often are they mistaken? how often do they find reverses and ruin in the road they have chosen as the certain way to wealth and prosperity? The instigation is fallacious; but pride and conceit render it very effectual; and the flattered multitude become the tools and slaves of the flattering rogues and vagabonds who fatten on their folly.

The economy of the bee-hive is reversed. The Drones are exalted, tended, and fed. The lazy are provided for at the expense of the industrious; the sensual are indulged through the privations of the hungry; and the cunning and rascally laugh in their sleeves at the easy process by which they gull their duped and doltish followers.

"Tyrants (says Miss M.) are often the foremost in talking of liberty. In every turn-out there is much said of the tyranny of masters; but no masters have now the power of inflicting such tyranny as takes place in most strikes. Let the masters be well watched; but let the members of a trade union look nearer home at the same time. The master declares what wages he will give; but the leaders of a strike interfere further with a man than this: they dictate what wages he shall take. A master may, with the stroke of his pen, dash out the labourer's prospects of work for the next week or month. His fellow-workmen too often do something more cruel than this. When his work is before his eyes, and his wages ready for his hand, they turn him back to his own door, to spend the day in idleness, and perhaps trip him up with insults by the way. There are some well-known dreadful cases of men being hunted, and whipped, or stoned, or ducked, because they wished to sell their own labour at their own price. Such things have been heard of in a court of justice as their wives being assaulted and cruelly treated by dastardly cowards who would thus get the husbands into their power, or punish the independence of spirit which would not submit to their dictation. Such acts as these discredit a whole union, while they are the work of a very few, and while the many are those who suffer the most from them. No body of people ever agrees in such deeds; and no body of people should submit to the disgrace which follows them. The many who are innocent should narrowly watch the guilty few, and resist every movement of tyranny as they value the good name, and the independence, and the very existence of their class. The reason why large bodies of workmen so often submit to be dictated to by a few, as to the terms on which they shall sell their labour, and even to be ill treated if they follow their own judgment, is no doubt because they are not aware that they are protected in their liberty by the law. It is not the case, as the leaders of strikes are apt to declare, that because combination is now allowed by law, any bad acts that may arise from combination are allowed by law. While the law protects the liberty of men in combining, it protects both masters and men from the interference of any party whatever in arranging the price or carrying on the exercise of labour."

How the thousands of poor well-meaning and worthy fellows are imposed upon by their crafty friends, is demonstrated by authentic details in the little performance under our notice; and as

"Facts are chieftains that winna ding,  
And darena be disputed,

we will transcribe a sample of them. On the Bradford strike, the "trade wasted so rapidly (to the great advantage of some distant places) that the masters became irritable in their tempers. The work-people lost heart and temper too, when they found their allowances lessened before the dreary winter had crept over their heads. The leaders were vexed and confounded that the expected contributions failed: all parties, in their misery, quarrelled with one another, and said and did harsh things which were inwardly remembered long after all seemed to be at peace.

It is a matter of deep concern, not only to the people of Bradford, but to the whole of society, that such feelings should ever arise between those who must go hand in hand if either are to prosper. It is no less melancholy to discover from their notices to their brethren at a distance, the poverty in which the turn-out

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left the people of Bradford. They beg to be excused contributing in their turn. 'The Bradford workmen are, at the present time, utterly incapable of relieving any other class of workmen. Hundreds of them cannot get bread, and few of the remainder any thing besides.' Some of the committee, confident as they were at the outset, were known to be living at last by obtaining provisions on credit, by selling any furniture they might have left, by pawning their clothes, or asking their friends to support them for a time. Melancholy as all this is, it is far from surprising when it is seen how money goes during a strike. In the first place, the waste of maintaining many thousand people for ten months in idleness is frightful, when their future support actually depends on there being no waste. At Bradford, the sum thus spent was 14,431*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* So when they returned to work, there was all that and whatever increase their labour could have added to it, the less to pay wages with. How should the masters raise their wages? But even this expenditure was less vexatious in its wastefulness than some which belongs, like a curse, to a strike. It is a hard thing for a man to see his children's maintenance frittered away in upholding such expenses as the following:—

	£.	s.	d.
Meat, drink, lodgings of delegates from various parts of the kingdom	240	16	11
Travelling expenses of delegates from Bradford	236	14	1
Expenses of committees	466	9	10
Stationery, newspapers, and advertisements	345	8	9
Postage and carriage of parcels	43	15	11
Loss by bad bank-notes	11	1	0

Before the struggle was over, there was much difficulty in raising money. To prevent unfavourable suspicions getting abroad, money was borrowed on pay-days from any body who would lend it; and the matter ended in a debt of 66*l.* to the lenders; and there was besides a debt for advertisements and stationery of 51*l.* The Committee were in debt 117*l.* when they closed their proceedings; and the first earnings that their famishing brethren could spare must go to pay it. If these are the consequences in so fair a case as that of Bradford, where the leaders seem to have been honest and intelligent, where all the proceedings were open, and there was less passion and violence than sometimes arise in such a struggle, there is little to hope from strikes which have not such men as John Tester\* at their head."

Were the accounts of union committees laid open, the author adds, "there would be as much grievous waste of the poor man's fund, and such an exhibition of tyranny besides, as would open the eyes of thousands as to the monstrous evil that they had been submitting to. This is proved by a very curious document which fell by accident into hands for which it was not intended—an account-book of a union committee, whose rule was to fine any member who should disclose any of the proceedings. From this book, it appears that there were some reasons for keeping the people in the dark. First, we find a list, apparently for the week, of the collieries from which contributions had been received to the amount of 579*l.* 2*s.* Of this, all is accounted for but 8*l.*: 27*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* went to maintain the work-people in idleness; 14*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* went to individuals, leaders of the strike; 17*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* was left in hand. The remaining 113*l.* 15*s.* was spent in law,—and in what sort of law? The entries will shew:

	£.	s.	d.
Mount Moor prisoners	2	8	0
Gosforth prisoners	3	12	0
Tanfield prisoners' Trials	9	16	0
Waldridge men prisoners	26	15	0
Hetton Trial	66	11	0
For the Spring Trial	4	13	0
	113	15	0

These trials were for assaults on those who would have exercised their right of letting their labour as they pleased. These prisoners were men who would have worked in peace and contentment, if tempters had not come among them to instigate them to throw up their livelihood, and break the laws. And the prisoners were to be defended at the expense of their innocent neighbours: upwards of a hundred pounds, earned shilling by shilling, was to be thus thrown away at the pleasure of those who earned none of it! A few entries of proceedings in secret committee are enough to sicken free men of being managed by delegates, who talk much of liberty without dreaming of allowing it:—'Delegate meeting, March 25th, 1832. Proposed and seconded: Andrew Stoker have no money—Thomas Coxon have no more money—That three men among the twenty-two at Sheriff Hill have their money this week. Proposed and seconded: that the bill be paid respecting trial at Durham—that Thomas Mar-

son, in union, pays twenty shillings; member again—George — and Thomas Peacock pay 10*s.* each into the union, new members—Walls-end men has to go home, or fined 1*l.* a-piece. Proposed and seconded: Any men go to another colliery before they acquaint the committee, is

fined twenty shillings—Kenton box to come into the general fund—Daniel Elliot have lines from this meeting to get work—One man at Netherton pay five shillings, or else he come here to clear himself—James Campbell taking himself out of the union (then follow the names of seven more, who had probably grown tired of being managed to their ruin), proposed and seconded the articles he stood to—Any delegates disclosing any proceedings to be fined 2*s.* 6*d.*—One shilling a member to be brought to union—A letter be sent those collieries not stand to rules, to be censured for all such men standing in office—Every colliery restrict themselves to three shillings a-day till all men bound—Any men coming from another colliery taking bargains before their own men in that, such men to be excluded from the union—All collieries to be at 3*s.* a-day on Wednesday—All men out of employment apply to parish—These men not to be taken into the union.' Why, no! for the good reason, that the parish will not relieve those who refuse work. It is only attempting to carry the jobbing a step further than society will allow, to try to saddle the rate-payers with men who have already been jobbed into pauperism. It is not quite so easy to get hold of parish funds for the support of the union as of the Kenton box. This Kenton box could be no more taken by right into the general fund than the king's income. The subscribers to a friendly society, who pay in their earnings, to be received back again in times of sickness or old age, have far other thoughts on entering than of throwing their savings into the bottomless pit of a strike. From the moment that a turn-out committee gets hold of their box, it becomes certain that there will be no relief for them in sickness, and no allowance in old age. In case of any unjust demands upon their principal wealth, their labour, they have no chance of being able to defend themselves. Their store is taken from them, and with it their independence. This is well known to the committees who get

possession of friendly society boxes. They are quite aware that they obtain more than the money in the box. They get the independence of the members into their hands. Benefit clubs and strikes cannot go on side by side; the one being a certain means of saving, and the other of wasting, the poor man's earnings: the one helps him on to an equality in his bargains with his employers; the other makes him a slave to those who were once his equals. If the workmen were as well aware of their own true power as they are of that of the master's, they would need to be at no man's bidding; and till they do become aware of their true power, they will always be liable to some one's bidding. They ought to perceive, that if they could once oblige the masters to ask for their labour, they would be able to demand their own price for it. This is the case with workmen in America, and also in Germany, where labourers think it a degradation to go about asking for work, or to watch one another's bargains with jealous eyes. No masters, or combination of masters, could beat down the price of labour if there was not too much of it; and whether there shall be less or more depends on the men, not on the masters. \*

"There will be an end of such insults; there will be an end of the machinations of deceivers and tyrants; there will be an end of ruinous quarrels, to the destruction of trade, whenever the working classes combine against ill-fortune instead of against the masters, and unite to help one another's savings instead of to waste the earnings of all."

Praying that such a consummation may speedily arrive—exhorting every workman to believe that this is the genuine *sticking* point for his own welfare, and leaving the *striking* little pamphlet of their true friend, Miss Martineau, to open their eyes to the real nature of their situation, we close with only one remark, which we put in a way that may make it better remembered—these are not the *sticks* of the fable, in any bundle of which strength and utility for the general weal can be found.\*

*The Naval Sketch-Book. Second Series.* By the Author of "Tales of a Tar." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Whittaker.

We do not think, thinking as landmen, that there ever was a more *sailorly* publication than this. It is not only written in the true *lingua maritima aut navalis*, but the ideas are all

\* The *Westminster Review* which has just issued, and is the organ of Unionists, speaks out very plainly on their condition and objects; so that if those who have any thing to lose are not prepared, it is certainly no fault of the other party. The warning is exceedingly candid and clear: "There is not the slightest doubt of what the operatives meditate; nor of the reality of the peril which the half-witted knavery of the landed interest has induced from that quarter. The Conservative old women may shudder; they have done the deed, and planted the resolution, to change the whole existing order of property, in the heart belonging to every pair of laborious arms within the country; and now they may go out like Mrs. Bond and cry

"Dilly, dilly, dill! come here and be killed," and see how many of the operatives will hearken to them. It is intelligible enough; they have driven them back upon first principles with a vengeance. Did they think the poor would always struggle with them like maids for forfeits? Look at the well-born idiots; rejoice at the cleft stick they have put themselves into; let hell from beneath go out to meet them, and say, 'Are ye too come to your end, like the rest of us?' \* \* \* Help yourselves, baffled blockheads; brew as you have baked; sit down in fearful waiting for the judgment that shall come upon you, or open the campaign against the people, and so make sure surers. \* \* \* In twelve months more, the people will be in full march, upon the right object, and not upon the wrong." This is very consolatory; but we fear too truly ominous, at least of the revolutionary and desolating attempt.

We say masterly, nobly, gentlemanly, soldierly—why not sailorly?—*Ed. L. G.*

\* Miss M. represents this John Tester as a delegate of honest principles, who gave a fair account of his stewardship—an example almost without a parallel among these persons.

equally redolent of the sea-monster called Jack. He neither sees matters, nor reasons about them, nor talks about them, like a being of this earth. How, indeed, should he, being a being of that water.

We hardly know what to make of him, or his clever spokesman, the author of these volumes; in which, be it known, we have not got further (at this time) than about half-way through the last (p. 144). Thus informed, we will describe them as well as we may.

"The Chase" occupies a third of vol. i., and is too technical in many parts for our understanding. The final attack by the boats, and catastrophe, however, are terribly and tragically accurate.

"Strictures on Smollett" deny him the praise of a first-rate nautical painter: it is a fair critique.

"Naval Maxims," two or three pages,—which in the land service might be called stop-gap.

"Jack's Eccentricities." An amusing paper of odd and wild actions performed by sailors.

"New System of Signals." An able exposition of Admiral Raper's Code. Almost the same as appeared in the *Literary Gazette Review*: therefore we can praise it most liberally.

"Dialogue of the Deck." A group of tars around the galley of a frigate, discussing the March of Mind; and a capital specimen of the talent and lingo of intellect afloat: "Well! I'm blest if I know: but I know this—there's no great meanin' in a matter as has to be back'd by leugh o' larnin'. Rest my word on it, it's no more nor a muddy matter—there's never no seein' the bottom o' the bus'ness. Moreover, a meanin' is a meanin'; and, if more's meant, why then,—it's a regular-built double deceiver, and mischief's sure,—sure to be upmost!" This is a fellow who could draw a conclusion; and so could his respondent:

"In course, Jim—in course, bo!—a straight-for'd manly meanin' 'ill stand alone—stand the tug o' truth as stiff as a steeple.—But look here, Jim—look here, bo!—a lawyer's lip 'oud turn, ay, turn six-water-grog into mother's milk—once ship the coachman's wig—once clap on his clergyman's gown, and then, (that's if he sees you're afeard to face him), then, stand clear of his well-paid prate. Take him in trim, close-haul'd on his best pint,—wrogin', you know, a regular right, then, see how he'll work to wind'ard o' truth—fore-reach upon reason, and creep, aye, creep, for all the world, like a Mugian clipper, in the very wind's-eye of the longest law."

And so the colloquy goes on—on all subjects—thus:—

"Let a man but respect himself, obey his officers, and keep from lip and lickor, and he need never, no never, shy a king's ship, or, in any way, dread a man-o'-war. The man as deserves the name o' man is sure, sure to be treated like a man, and sure, in the end to meet wi' reward." Well done our side o' the house! Well done, Jim! vociferated the tall tar, accompanying the compliment with a heavy open-handed slap on his messmate's shoulder. "And moreover, Jim, you knows well, the very chaps as sneer an' snarl 'bout the cruelty o' the cat, and the likes o' that 'ere shore-goin' lubberly trash, are only your piebald parlimin'. praters,—chaps as are sore an' savage at seein' seamen contented, 'stid of growlin' and dissatisfied like their sulky selves. And yet, yet these very same hipper-crocodile varmins as pretend to pity, and feel so much, as they tarm it, 'for their fellow-creturs,' are always the first, the very first to cut down an' dock

a poor fellow-cretur's hard-earned pay, or to try an' knock off the harder-earned pension his king and country allows him to keep the little life that's left from leakage—"That's you, Sam," ejaculated the last interlocutor. "You says no more nor the truth—seamen are not dissatisfied, if not over-worked in port, nor yet discontented when they get liberty ashore; we knows the reverse,—an' all on us know the best berth a seaman, or seafarin'-man can find is 'board of a high-keltered, crack man-o'-war—a ship as makes every man know his work, every man do his duty, an' no man a morsel more." "Where's the man as denies it, Jim?" "No one, as I knows:—but where's the man as can tell me—tell me as a man, the real meanin' o' this mysty matter:—where's that man, where's that man, Tom?" reiterated the perplexed inquirer of a question which had already betrayed the disputants into those long irrelevant digressions peculiar to seamen in debate. "Where's the man? Why, here, here he is," cried an elderly tar, pointing to a fellow-forecastle-man who had just taken up a close-order station in the centre of the seated circle. "Here's the man as 'ill soon come to the marrow o' the matter. I say, Ned, you, as knows summit o' summit, and knows what's what better nor most,—in course, you can take the thund'ring th'orput out o' this precious mess. Here's Jim, here, jamm'd like Jackson, hard up in a clinch, an' can never get no one to clear the kile, or give him the real dientical meanin' o' this here new-lanch'd lubberly phrase, as seems to puzzle us more afloat nor even the long-headed fellors ashore." "What! ye means the March-o'-Mind?" "That's you, Ned—you has it—that's the ticket, bo." "Then I can tell ye, Tom," returned the welcome interpreter to the puzzled party—"I can tell ye, it means no more nor this—Prate!—prate!—prate!—gab!—gab!—gab!—pre-tendin' to know and do every thing better than the best o' your betters—a likin' to lay down the law—to deal in lip—to use long-winded words 'thout knowin' a word o' their meanin'—to pour over newspapers, as far oft'ner mean more mischief nor type 'ould tell—to prate in a pot-house—to talk large and larn'd over your pipe and lickor—to growl like a landsman, an' rig like a lubber—to sham a small smatt'rin' of every trade, and to never know nothin' o' your own. An' d—n it, to clinch the whole—to end your days, and die like a dog in a ditch, for darin' to dabble out o' your depth." "Hurrah! Well done, Ned! I know'd you was the fellow as 'ould soon give us the English o' the matter."

Again,

"Well, Ned, you knows," says a tar of the olden time—"you knows every liner's allowed a reg'lar-built schoolmaster." "Sartinly I grants. But how can a fellow be both aboard an' abroad? Can a fellow be both at the lead an' helm at the same dientical time?" "No, Sam, sartinly not." "Then, where's the use o' tellin' o' twisters, an' sayin' the school-master's abroad, when the fellow's aboard, borne on the books, reg'larly wittled, an' perhaps never misses as much as his muster a single day. But it's always the way," continued the long logician, waxing warm in debate; "it's always the way wi them there know-nothin' chaps—they're sure to think they knows every thing better nor their betters. I should like to see some o' your school-master-chaps try to puddin' an anchor. I never know'd one on 'em yet as could tell the difference 'twixt the lay of a right and a left-handed rope."

"As I was a-goin' to tell ye,—for the whole three years I sarv'd in that March-o'-Mind man-o'-war I was tellin' ye about,—I never hears as much as a sailor's song—a song as ye cou'd call a reg'lar-built seaman's stave." "No, Ned, you doesn't now often hear the staves as we used to sing in the war; you never now hears, 'Will-ye-go-to-Cawsin-Bay-Billy, Bo-Billy-Bo!' nor the 'Saucy-Arethusa,' nor the 'Bold Brittanny,' 'Black-colours under her mizen did fly,' 'From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues,' an' many more o' the sim'lar sort." "No, no, Sam, you're right enough—your March-o'-Mind-men must now come your simmy-dimmy quiv'ring quivers—tip ye soft sentimental touches—sigh away like ladies in love, an' never sing nothin' but your silly sickin' stuff, as often used to frighten the geese an' make 'em cacle in the coop, for all the world like the comin' of a heavy hurricane—moreover, your March-o'-Mind-men never will sing a single stave as admits of the main thing—for what's a song as won't allow all hands to jine in reg'lar coal-box? No, no, your March-o'-Mind-men hav'n't, you may depend on it, the mind o' men—they think far more like people as rig in petticoats, nor they as tog in trowsers. Now what looks more young-ladyish, nor to see a fellow with a fist like a shoulder o' mutton, flingin' his flipper about, an' suitin' his antics to his song, as he snivels out, 'Strike, strike the light guitar?' 'What, Ned,—comin' what ye calls your forty-poney-fingers over a fellow?' "Exactly—for all the world like one o' your Spanish ladies—one o' your Cadiz-craft. Then, again,—we'd another chap—a chap, too, as big an' bulky as a bullock—easin'-it off—an' mincin'-it out like a lank boardin'-school miss, 'I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower.' 'In a bower-tier, I 'spose, Ned?' "No, bo,—born in a bush." "Well then, Sam, we'd another fellow as 'oud 'ave made you laugh more nor even Big-Ben buzzin' about in a bush—there was the captain o' the mizen-top—a cap-struck chap as was all day long pesterin' people about his 'dear Sue,' his 'fond Sue,' an' his 'best-o'-wives'—well, that there chap, as was all day long teazin' an' tormentin' every man an' boy aboard 'bout his croak-ey'd-craft—could never at night be got to sing no other stave but 'Oh, no, we never mentions her!' Why, I was obligated at last to chalk out a sort of stave for 'em, to see if I could turn their petticoat thoughts, an' make 'em ashamed of their die-away ditties." "Well, look here, Ned,—if I was a man as had weight in the world, I'd make a reg'lar-built law as no lubberly songs should be sing'd in the sarvus—I'd make it, by Joe! one o' the articles o' war."

Next follows a disquisition on twenty-eight-gun ships and ten-gun brigs; and then half-a-dozen of pages of Miss L. N. I., to close Vol. I. We quote an illustrative piece:—

#### The Lieutenant's Lament.

"As sure as a gun,  
We shall all be undone,  
If longer continue the peace;  
A top we shan't know  
From a futtock below,  
Nor a block from a bucket of grease.  
  
'Tis vain to apply,  
Or in any way try,  
For a berth or a 'barkey' in peace;  
If young, we are told  
We must yield to the old—  
'Till our prospects and cradles increase.

Then, are we in years?  
Our 'age interferences'  
With juniors appointed as first;  
Tho' still in our prime,  
As if 'twere a crime  
'Long-standing' is treated the worst.

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Too green we're to-day,  
To-morrow too grey,  
Too long or too short on the list;  
Excuse will be found  
To keep us 'a-ground,'  
And keep us from grinding our grist.  
Altho' we indite,  
From morning to night,  
Memorials for births by the score;  
Each answer's the same,  
That is—'noted the name,'  
Tho' noted for nought but a 'bore,'  
Should plans we invent,  
Be officially sent,  
To the Board of 'Affectionate friends,'  
The friends in affection  
Reward with 'rejection,'  
And make us no other amends.  
Each quarter we make  
Affidavit, and take  
Our oaths that we're out of employ;  
That we leave in the lurch  
Ourselves and the church,  
Nor life, nor a 'living' enjoy.  
To attest such a truth  
Were folly, forsooth,  
'Twere better to swear to the fact,  
That—we can't live ashore,  
That the duns at the door  
Will make us 'bear-up' for the 'act.'"

The next volume commences with an able and experienced paper on impressment, which, like all the rest of Capt. Glascock's essays on important naval questions, is marked by much practical knowledge and sound sense:—

"Jack the Grant" is a tale of a big seaman, who, as well as his messmates, wanted only to be a good sailor, and could not endure the notion of being one of the people.

An acute review, shewing the shipwreck in Don Juan to be a mere paraphrase of the narrative of the Wreck of the Centaur, appeared in a periodical some time since (the New Monthly Magazine, if we recollect rightly); and this is succeeded by some pleasant anecdotes of naval humourists, of which we select a few moreaux:—

"Innumerable are the anecdotes told of these wags of the naval service, who, independently of their wit, are or were among the best and bravest of those who influence the destiny of our wooden walls."

Of Sir Joseph Yorke it is told, that "when purposely closing to 'speak' the stately ship of a pompous peer, whose military band, to add to the dignity of dinner, and to promote, as it were, taciturnity of table, had, in all the pride and circumstance of martial music, been performing on the poop abaft, 'traced-up' to his peek a grunting pig, exclaiming, 'How does your lordship like my band?' In deeds of humour, T—r is a 'tower of strength.' Jack made mirth by a telegraph; and through the medium of bunting, of which the signal flags are composed, constantly 'let fly a joke.' According to the practice of the period, some of our more expert and speculative cruisers, particularly commanders of fast-sailing frigates, entered into mutual compact to share in the profits of all prizes captured apart. They appointed a specified latitude and longitude for rendezvous, and agreed to communicate the result of their respective success. Such a compact was formed between Captain T. and Captain P. Six weeks often would elapse, ere, with crowded canvass, the cruisers discovered each other. On one occasion, communicating by signal, the ship of Captain P., a long way to leeward, asked if Captain T. had taken any thing. The answer was, 'Yes.' The number representing this word remained flying so long, that the first interrogator, losing all patience, and stimulated by the expectation of gain, demanded 'What?'—'Physic,' replied T—r."

"The professional reader is aware that the form which the Navy Board (now no longer extant) used, in the prodigality of its tender-

ness, to assume, when addressing an officer, was, 'We are, sir, your affectionate friends.' Our worthy Sir J., who had often perceived this, thought that so much graciousness should be reciprocated, if only on the old principle that one good turn deserves another. In this conviction, he one day subscribed himself in language similar to that which preceded the signature of the right honourable commissioners. This was, at head-quarters, held to be too familiar, and a written remonstrance was conveyed to Sir J., informing him that it was unusual (to say the least of it) for officers to use such freedom with the dignity of 'boards.' Sir J. took the rebuke with great composure, and acknowledged it something in the following way:—'Gentlemen, I have had the honour to receive your letter of the — acquainting me that it is not according to the rules of the service for officers to subscribe themselves in the words adopted in my last. I shall be careful to obey the intimation, and meanwhile have the honour to remain, gentlemen, not your affectionate friend, J. P.'"

The next paper is "Jack at Oporto," where the author, having commanded the British naval force about a twelvemonth, may be supposed to be at home in his sketches. But here, as we hinted,

"The story of the bear and fiddle Begins, but breaks off in the middle;" and so of the beginning only can we speak at present.

"Bob. 'Why, Tom, Tom, surely you doesn't mean for to say as ye patiently stud the fire of a Portugee—a Portugee soger, too?' Ned. 'A Portugee soger! Lord help ye! why, we'd sogers there—(I axes your pardon, sergeant)—but ther wer cross-belted beggars ther belongin' to ev'ry nation on the face o' the fightin' globe. There was your raw Scotch—yer wild Irish—yer Lunnun light-uns—yer heavy Garmins—yer Long-Poles—yer Short-Swish—yer Lazy-Roney—yer French-Hop-kickers—yer Bulgum-Butchers, and many more o' sim'lar sort I can't this min'et remember.' Bob. 'Yes, but Ned, in course they was all in the one sarvus?' Ned. 'Sartinly, Bob, in one o' the two.' Bob. 'Two what?' Ned. 'Why, blow your thick head! one o' the two belly-geer-uns—' Bob. 'Who the devil are they?' Ned. 'Who? why fellers as geer at starvin' sogers, whenever they fail to fill their bellies.' Bob. 'Go it, Ned! Ned. 'Go it? I'm never goin' it at all; it's the skipper's own dical name; for many an' many's the time, as Tom an' Sam can say, we've heerd him hailin' the poop, singin' out to Bob Buckley abaft, 'Signalman! signalman! which o' the two Belly-geer-uns fired the first?' For you see every shot and shell, as comed from either side, was reg'larly scored on the signal-slate.' Tom. 'Ay, tallied to a pistol-pop—wasn't they Sam?' \* \* \* Bob. 'Well, but Sam, I still keeps on the same tack. I wants no more than to come at the cause—(I axes your pardon)—I means the first beginnin' o' the breeze; for if it isn't a reg'lar built war, what is't then?' Ned. 'Why, Bob, yer shore-goin' piebald parliament chaps calls it no more nor a civil war. But I can tell ye, Tom, and Sam can say the same, it's d—d, d—d uncivil work. Now look here, Bob! look here, Sergeant!—you seems to me a sort of a sensible sort of a man—just answer me this: is't mannerly work—i'st pretty behaviour, to maim and murder harmless women—to lop the limbs o' little children—to maul and mangle dead bodies as drop in a ditch, or lie on a sandy beach? Is't civil to gouge out eyes—to cut off noses—clip ears

—or fob the fore-finger or thumb of the first unfortunate feller as fell in the field? Is that polite behavior?—Answer me that!' Sam. 'I'm sorry to say it's but too, too true.' Bob. 'I doesn't deny it; but surely, Sam, the Portuguese people are never such fightin', fire-eatin' fellows, as to merely fight for fightin' sake! What are they fightin' for? What's it all about?' Sam. 'There's the rub!—nor is the question so easily answered. The Portuguese I've known for years and years; the lower order, and particularly the peasantry of the northern provinces, have always appeared (at least so to me) a perfectly contented and happy people. But Mister Bull and Johnny Crappo, who have not less singularly than suddenly taken for each other such a fit of affection, must now put their heads together, and try to persuade poor Jack Portuguese that he is the veriest slave that walks the earth—the most miserable dog alive—that he is totally ignorant of all 'love of liberty'—and that his happiness is not that happiness known to the poor of England and of France. And yet, to unhappy Portugal the poor of both these happy nations now flock, and swarm in shoals! And for what?' Ned. 'For what? Why, for the love and liberty of breakin' the heads of unfortunate fellows as never in no way offended them.' Sergeant. 'As for my part, I know but little of the matter; but here is a Sunday paper (pulling one from his pocket), which says (opens the paper, and reads aloud) that instead of encouraging, or in any way promoting a war in Portugal, England was not only bound by 'ancient treaties' to preserve peace, but also to become her especial protector, in the event of being assailed by another power.' Bob. 'Sunday papers! More lies are published on a Sunday than 'oud fill a book bigger than the biggest Bible. A rascally lie, in a rascally lyin' paper, was the death of as good a woman as was ever wedded to man. A kinder-hearted soul, a more dutiful parent, or lovelier mother, never, never drew the breath of life. I belong'd, at the time, to one of the very finest three-deckers in the sarvus,—and, moreover, one as was never likely to be lost in a lubberly way. We was bound up the Straits. Well, scarcely we clears the Channel, afore, in one of those thund'ring long fathoms of falsehoods, as your Lunnun news-sellers stick outside the shutters o' their shops, there was printed in large lengthy letters—' Loss of his majesty's ship St. Vincent, and all her crew, on the coast of Portingale!!! 'Twas no more nor nat'ral, you know, for the name of the son's ship to catch the mother's eager eye. But afore the poor old soul could give it a second glance, she gives a scream as would 'av fairly rent the hardest heart—drops flat on the flags—and instantly dead at her daughter's feet.'"

Of such materials are the *Tales of a Tar* wrought. We can add nothing to their own voice; but we daresay that will make its way with the public.

*Lays and Legends of various Nations. By William J. Thoms. Part I. Lays and Legends of Germany. 12mo. pp. 86. London, 1834. Cowie.*

WE ought to be quite as thankful that the world had an infancy, as that we had one of our own; and that not alone for the single reason, that we could not have existed without it—it has other and better claims than mere necessity. Infancy, both ours and the world's, is a charming season—full of earnest fancies, simple beliefs, and eager delights: it is full, too, of fantasies and charms, and has a sweet

and innocent wisdom of its own. Extremes meet. In process of time, that which was the pleasure of the ignorant becomes the enjoyment of the learned; ay, and their labour too. It becomes matter of surprise how much truth and character is to be discovered in these early fictions; and to how many theories, and to how much learning, the nursery tale may give birth. We are glad to see that Mr. Thoms has undertaken the task of collecting together the "Lays and Legends of various Nations;" he is admirably fitted for the task; for he has fine taste and great industry. We select the following quaint story; it is at least new to us; though, widely as these fables are circulated, we cannot expect that it will be so to all.

"There was once a poor man who had twelve children, and he was obliged to labour day and night that he might earn food for them. When at length, as it so happened, a thirteenth came into the world, the poor man did not know how to help himself, so ran out into the highway, determined to ask the first person he met to be godfather to the boy. Then there came stalking up to him Death, who said, 'Take me for a godfather.' 'Who are you?' said the man. 'I am Death, who make all equal.' Then said the man, 'You are one of the right sort—you seize on rich and poor without distinction; you shall be the child's godfather.' Death answered, 'I will make the boy rich and renowned throughout the world; for he who has me for a friend can want for nothing.' Said the man, 'Next Sunday will he be christened; mind and come at the right time.' Death accordingly appeared as he promised, and stood godfather to the child. When the boy at length grew up, his godfather came to him one day, took him with him into a wood, and when they were quite alone said, 'Now shall you have your godfather's present—I will make a most famous physician of you; for whenever you are called to a sick person, I will take care and shew myself to you. If I stand at the foot of the bed, say boldly, I will soon restore you to health; and give the patient some of a little herb which I will point out to you, and he will soon be well. If, however, I stand at the head of the sick person, he is mine—then say, 'All help is useless; he must soon die.' Then Death shewed him the little herb, and said: 'Take heed that you never use it in opposition to my will.' It was not long before our hero was the most celebrated physician in the whole world. The moment he sees a person, said every one, he knows whether or not he'll recover. Accordingly, he was in great request—people came from far and near to consult him; they gave him as much money as he desired, so that he very soon had made an immense fortune. Now it so happened that the king was taken ill, and the physician was called upon to say whether he must die. As he went up to the bed he saw Death standing at the sick man's head, so that there was no chance of his recovery. The physician thought perhaps if he outwitted Death, he would not be much offended, seeing that he was his godfather; so he caught hold of the king and turned him round, so that by that means Death was standing at his feet; then he gave him some of the herb, and the king recovered and was once more well. But Death came to the physician with a very angry and gloomy countenance, and said, 'I will forgive you this time what you have done, because I am your godfather; but if you ever venture to betray me again, you must take the consequences.'

Shortly after this, the king's daughter fell sick, and nobody could cure her. The old king wept day and night, until his eyes were blinded; and at last, he proclaimed, that whosoever rescued her from death should be rewarded by marrying her and inheriting his throne. The physician came, but Death was standing at the head of the princess. Yet when the physician beheld the beauty of the king's daughter, and thought of the promises which the king had made, he forgot all the warnings which he had received; and although Death frowned angrily all the while, he turned the patient so that Death stood at her feet, and gave her some of the healing herb, so that he once more put life into her veins. But when Death saw that he was a second time cheated out of his property, he stepped up to his physician, and said, 'Now, follow me,'—laid hold of him with his icy-cold hand, and led him into a subterranean cave, in which there were thousands and thousands of burning candles, ranged in innumerable rows. Some were whole, some half-burnt out, some nearly consumed; every instant some went out, and fresh ones were lighted, so that the little flames seemed perpetually hopping about. 'Behold,' said Death, 'the life-candles of mankind! The large ones belong to children, those half consumed to middle-aged people, the little ones to the aged. Yet children and young people have oftentimes but a little candle—and when that is burnt out, then life is at an end, and they are mine.' And the physician said, 'Shew me now my candle!' Then Death pointed out a very little candle-end, which was glimmering in the socket, and said, 'Behold!' Then the physician was afraid, and said—'Oh! dearest godfather, light me up a new one, that I may first enjoy my life—be king, and husband of the beautiful princess.' 'I cannot do so,' said Death; 'one must burn out before I can light up another.' 'Place the old one upon a new one, then, that that may burn on when this is at an end,' said the physician. Then Death pretended as if he would comply with this wish, reached a large new candle; but to revenge himself, purposely failed in putting it up, and the little piece fell and was extinguished. Then the physician sunk with it, and so he himself fell into the hands of Death."

There are some clever and fanciful etchings in the book. We rejoice to see that Mr. Thoms promises in his next number to explore France.

#### THE PUBLISHING TRADE. NO. XI.

WE are glad to see that our remarks on this subject are infecting our contemporaries in all the ranks of periodical literature. Turning their attention to it, they are beginning to discover that inferiority has, like an insidious weed, been creeping over the fair and fruitful crops of literature; and that the natural effect is not only to choke and destroy what exists, but to annihilate the seeds and roots from which alone future produce, whether of ornament or use, can arise. One finds out that nearly the whole system of French publication has fallen into a state of the most injurious corruption; another, that we cannot expect able original authors, because there is no commensurate reward for their exertions; and a third, that we are ourselves only performing the old apothecary manoeuvre, of filling out of the green bottle into the blue, out of the blue into the red, and out of the red into the green, so as to make a perfect kaleidoscope of colours from the same well-known liquids which have shone in the shop-windows for generations. Then, if we put a

lighted candle behind them, bepuff and bepraise ourselves—why, the world is an innocent and credulous world, and will fancy the stuff amazingly, gape at its shine, and swallow its insipidity.

But, adept at misrepresentation, the worthies who are so busily employed in reducing us to this low and pitiable estate venture to say—

"The code of the coterie is short and simple:—that British literature was scarcely born, and certainly could not go alone, until the days of Mr. Colburn's novels, the 'Literary Gazette,' and the Annuals; that useful information for the people is not literature; that industry and learning imply of necessity a total want of originality; that a diligent search after all published and unpublished authorities, and a building up of opinions upon such carefully laid foundations, are compilation and plagiarism; that the 'Royal Society of Literature' ought to be maintained as a public conservatory for 'men of genius,' to be selected out of the foundlings of the 'Literary Gazette.'"

We are not going to defend all Mr. Colburn's novels; but, with many bad ones,\* he also published many of the best in our day. But with regard to the rest of the passage, the writer of it knew perfectly well that it was a gross and absurd attempt to disguise the truth. He must be an idiot who could imagine that "useful information for the people was not literature," and of the best kind too; but to deny that the penny oracles supply that species of information, is another matter. Yet even for that we do not go so far as to contend. On the contrary, and every number of our journal proves it, we have recommended them to the public, when deserving, as very laudable in their way; but when they pretend to engross the universal instruction, we cannot help noticing their incompetency, and pointing out the absolute harm they are doing by the substitution of second-hand and indifferent articles for the sterling and beneficial sources of rational instruction and improvement. "That industry and learning imply of necessity a total want of originality." Bah!—this is indeed begging the question. We have always maintained that there is no good work without industry and learning; but we say, that these productions cannot afford to pay either for effective industry or real learning, and that consequently they substitute counterfeits, and endeavour to pass off shallow compilation for the one, and ignorant pedantry for the other. With regard to the fling at the Royal Society of Literature, as the Lord Chancellor, and others of the Diffusion Company, belong to it, we must leave it to them to defend it from the encroachments of our "Foundlings."

Intending this week to be very brief, we shall only add a letter connected with "the publishing trade," and treating of a branch upon which we shall have more to say anon: at present we give it without note or comment.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Some years ago (I think in 1830) you did service to literature by exposing the "cut-and-dry system of criticism," which then prevailed. Since then the evil has extended, and requires notice.

You may observe the frequent quotations, as "opinions of the press," from provincial papers, affixed as decoys to advertisements. Depend on it, when books deserve praise in the metropolitan journals, the opinions of the country press are valueless;—it is chiefly when the London critical tribunals condemn them, that, sinking the fact of such condemnation, the pub-

\* No reviewers ever condemned these more decidedly than we did; and one of the consequences was, that Mr. Colburn, in conjunction with Mr. Buckingham, though possessing a share in the *Literary Gazette*, set up the *Athenaeum*, to give support to his fashionable publications—a job which speedily failed.

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lishers descend to copy the "favourable notices" of such works in the country papers.

If the seal of condemnation were unjustly set, the appeal to other tribunals would be just; but then they should be proper tribunals and fit judges. As it is, they are neither one or the other.

Books are sent for notice to the country press; the parcel, addressed "to the editor," reaches his publishers, who in most cases are booksellers. They consider the books as their property, put them on their shelves for sale (frequently at reduced prices); and I have known editors obliged to notice a work without seeing it—it having been sold immediately after its receipt at the office. In the majority of cases, the editor sees the volume, and notices it without reading it—for to cut the leaves would spoil its sale! In many instances, when a work is of importance, and has been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, which is taken in at all newspaper-offices, the critique is made up by the quotations which the *L. G.* has given! Frequently, the tone is given by the *L. G.*'s opinion of the work. But it is a matter of course to praise all books sent for review;—because an honest notice might offend the London publishers, prevent their sending any more of their books, and thus keep some pounds per annum out of the pockets of the provincial newspaper publishers.

Whenever a work reaches the editor, i. e. whenever "with the publisher's compliments" is written in the book (thereby spoiling its sale), he reads it, and reviews it, perhaps, as he ought. But this is rarely the case; for I think that by this time, publishers know that a notice is as good as an advertisement; and, ceasing to advertise in the country papers, they may allow the sale of the work under the circumstances I state. But then, the effect of all this upon literature! X. Y. Z.

*Lives and Portraits of the Celebrated Women of all Countries. Part II.* By the Duchess of Abrantes. London. Bull and Churton. BEATRICE CENCI, "celebrated" for nothing but that she was so unfortunate as to be the object of a criminal passion on the part of her monster of a father, and that, driven to despair by his infamous conduct towards her, she at length committed parricide,—is the first subject in the Number of the Duchess of Abrantes' work now before us. It is a tale of horror, more than sufficiently known already; a tale, the perusal of which must excite disgust in every well-regulated mind; a tale over which good sense and good taste would wish to draw a veil; but then there is an odour in it, which unhappily seems to be grateful to the nostrils of a certain class of writers and readers of the present day. Catherine Alexiévna, empress of Russia, possessed, undoubtedly, of considerable abilities, but more than suspected of infidelity to the man who had raised her from slavery to a throne, and avowedly dying at an early age of habitual drunkenness, appears next upon Madame Junot's stage. A character in some respects purer follows,—Ann Boleyn, whose distinguishing features, nevertheless, were vanity, ambition, and intrigue; and compassion for whose fate is much diminished by her conduct towards her predecessor in the tyrant Harry's favour. The last memoir is that of Madame de Stéel. The great talents and acquirements of Madame de Stéel are undeniable; but she was for ever meddling with matters with which her sex ought to have no concern. The influence which she attributed to her political writings was ludicrously

ly exaggerated; and her *Corinne* has drawn thousands of females from the only path in which the real dignity and happiness of woman are to be found; and has inspired them with a love for the most meretricious qualities, and with an inordinate and injurious desire for public display and public admiration.

The plates, as in the last Part, are not above mediocrity.

*A brief Continuation of Father Isla's History of Don Gerundio di Campazatz, otherwise Zotes.* Pp. 87. London, 1834. Steill.

A RAMBLING pamphlet, bearing the stamp of that sort of talent which is connected with a distempered imagination. Zotes represents the genus Blockhead, and under his auspices the writer reviles Milman for having pirated his "Fazio" from a MS. play of his, entitled "Grimaldi;" ridicules George Colman; shews up Lord Wynford; and swears most profanely, as well as talks very nastily in print, throughout this strange performance.

*Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse.* London, 1834. Moxon.

[Second Notice.]

THE verse portion of this pleasing book is, like the prose, of the old school, and well worth perusal. We do not, however, in these later days of travel, find aught in the author's Rhenish and Swiss tour, so agreeably painted in rhyme, which it is necessary for us to quote in illustration of the volume; which we therefore dismiss, with another cordial recommendation to all the lovers of polite literature.

*Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, from the earliest Period to the present Time; arranged in Alphabetical Order, and forming a complete Scottish Biographical Dictionary.* By R. Chambers, &c. &c. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 588. Glasgow and Edinburgh, Blackie and Son; Dublin, Curry; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS volume, with excellent portraits of Dugald Stewart, Hector Boece, John Graham of Claverhouse, Robert Gordon of Straloch, Alexander Henderson, and Sir John Moore, fully sustains the character of its precursors. Its first name is that of Sir William Hamilton, our ambassador at Naples, and its last that of the learned Andrew Melville. Between these, many of the biographies are of extreme interest; and the whole volume, indeed, is one of equal entertainment and instruction. The work deserves, and we hope receives, that national encouragement to which almost every literary effort of its meritorious editor eminently entitles him.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### OXFORD BOTANIC GARDEN.

WE are happy to find, from the Oxford newspapers that have been put into our hands, that there is at length a prospect of the above establishment being placed on a more creditable footing. We believe that this celebrated university has the distinction of possessing the oldest museum, and the oldest botanic garden, belonging to any public institution in the United Kingdom; but we confess that, when we visited that seat of learning, some years ago, both these establishments struck us to be chiefly interesting in an antiquarian point of view, namely, as specimens of what museums and what green-houses were a century or so ago, thereby marking the progress that has since been made in all which relates to the cultivation of natural history elsewhere. We

learn that, owing principally to the public spirit of two individuals, the former now has assumed quite an altered appearance; but we believe the latter remains much *in statu quo*. The subscription now set on foot promises, however, to be considerable enough to remove this blot from the academical scutcheon; for it would seem to be taken up warmly by non-residents as well as by residents, by citizens as well as by gentry, by ladies as well as by gentlemen. The prospectus having been circulated just before the Easter vacation, the contributions are at present for the most part from individuals; but on the commencement of term, we cannot doubt but that the colleges will follow the example set them, in behalf of an institution in which they have all a common interest; that if we should hereafter visit Oxford, as we did Cambridge, in our editorial capacity, when the British Association, having completed its cycle, returns to the learned body which first welcomed it, we trust we shall be able to report, as formerly, of the exertions that have been made for the advancement of botany there, as we did with reference to the sister university in our report of the meeting of last year.

##### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Several fellows were elected, and others proposed. Read, a paper on the transformation of insects, by Edward Newman, Esq., F.L.S. After stating a number of interesting points, the author thus concludes his memoir:—These various facts, so simple, so obvious, so plain, so completely within the reach of the most cursory observer, proclaim that each variation in the number or manner *ecdysis* is but another mode of metamorphosis—proclaim that metamorphosis, though in annulates or complete and oft-repeated *ecdysis*, is but another instance of that constant loss and reparation of substance which is incident to all organised beings—proclaim the existence of a general uniformity of plan, with which the widest differences, the greatest discrepancies, are not only compatible, but are essential to perfect harmony, are the surest and safest guides to natural arrangement, and serve, like key-stones of arches, to unite objects before devoid of continuity—proclaim, finally, the greatness of Him whose will shapes the whole into perfection.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### BIBLIOTHECA HEBERIANA.

THE first part of the catalogue of the late Mr. Heber's library (the sale of which is already about to commence) consists of 388 pages, and 7486 Nos., to be disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby and Tait. The arrangement is alphabetical; and the titles of the books are in general plainly stated, very few of them with notes or observations, inasmuch so that the following are among the most interesting literary entries:—

“2711 Fullarton (John) of Carleton. The Turle Dove under the Absence and Presence of her only Child, or Desertion and Deliverance revived, blue morocco. Edin. A. Anderson, 1664.—This copy, as far as I have discovered, is unique. Ritson had no notice of it in his *Bibl. Poetica*, till I furnished him with the title. The poetry is very poor. The Dialogue in Part 2 takes a dramatic form. MS. note.

2770 Fisher (John). De Causa Matrimonii Serenissimi Regis Angliæ Liber, Joanne Roffenali Episcopo Autore.—(Complut., 1530).—This vindication of the validity of Henry the Eighth's Marriage with Catherine of Aragon, is one of the rarest tracts in English history. Lewis, who wrote the *Life of the Bishop*, says, 'it was so effectually suppressed, that he could never find any person who had seen a copy of it.' It is printed at Complutum. The printer, 'Typographus Complutensis,' tells us 'it was given him by the Archbishop of Toledo.'

2867 *Frideric Imperatoris Magni hujus nominis Primi, Ducis Suevorum et Parentele sue Historiæ, first edition,*

without date or place, but printed at Augsburg, in the Monastery of St. Ulrich and St. Afra, about 1475.—The author of this valuable and interesting chronicle is unknown. He speaks of the relics preserved in Monasterio Loricensis Ordinis Sancti Benedicti, quas oculis nostris perpeximus. The history commences in 1136, and concludes in 1229. It contains many anecdotes relative to the state of Europe during that period, the conquests of the two Fredericks Barbarossa in Italy, and their expeditions to the Holy Land. The following notice occurs of Richard I. Fuit antem Richardus Rex Anglie homo ferocissimus, favorabilis, glorie cupidus, pecunie liberalis, quocunque ipsum trahebant sequens impetus, et quem ipsi Saraceni et populus Christianus et alii timebant. In the year 1187, it is stated, Eo anno Fredericus imperator jam cruce signatus convenit Principum apud Nuremberg coadunavit, ubi de pace terre disposuit et in litteras redigi jussit, quas litteras Alamanni usque in prasens fridibrief, id est litteras pacis vocant, nec aliis legibus utuntur. Sed nec eisdem recte utuntur tamquam genus agrestis et indomita. Quarum tenorem huic operi duximus inserendum quatenus saltem lex tam decurata non pereat de hominum memoria.

7221 Welsh Language. Dosparth Byrr Ar y rhann gyntaf i rannadeg cymraeg le cair laver o bynciau an hecor, &c. &c. An Analysis of Welsh Grammar, containing many points necessary to be known by all who wish to speak or write Welsh correctly, by Dr. Griffith Roberts. Excessively rare, and believed to be unique, red morocco. —A orchfygo yma, a goronir fry, 1867.—This Welsh Grammar, by Dr. Roberts, is dedicated to his patron the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Nevertheless, even this part of the collection contains a multitude of curious and very valuable works.

We observe, however, that Dr. Dibdin's great design has been abandoned. There is no time for laborious literature in this age, when ready money is so much wanted. It is a strange world; and here is a melancholy sample of it. Life spent: life wasted! Collect: disperse! The proud man's treasures; the auctioneer's hammer!

#### FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[Third Notice.]

No. 191. *Turkey in Europe*. W. Derby.—Is it thus you come over us with your whimsical titles, Mr. Derby? We would warn a hungry epicure not to dwell too long before that cod's head and shoulders, or any other of the tempting objects which your Barmecide treat presents, lest he should think it real, and mar the performance by endeavouring to carry off some portion of it to his kitchen.

No. 227. *Fruit*. G. Lance.—The dessert after the dinner is quite in place; and no one who is acquainted with the works of this artist but will credit us when we say, that nothing can exceed the character of its execution, or the texture of the delicious materials with which his composition abounds.

No. 232. *Sketch of the Interior of the Church at Calais*. S. Davis.—We do not think it good policy in this or any other artist to send sketches, especially in this class of art, where so much depends on detail and effect. This performance, with its figures, their costume, and varied accessories, is perhaps of as much interest as any of Mr. Davis's other productions in this gallery, and of course we regret its imperfect state.

No. 209. *Near Laytonstone*. T. Creswick.—One of those natural representations of our sylvan scenery, which, under the hands of this skilful artist, exhibit charms equal, if not superior, to those of most of the sordid productions of Hobbima or Ruysdael.

No. 196. *Haidee aroused from her Trance by the sound of Music*. F. N. Hurlstone.—A subject like this is well calculated to display the powers of the artist, more especially in expression and composition, and serves, among other examples in the British school, to prove that there wants nothing but the stimulus of public attention to paintings of an elevated character,

to elicit talents for the occasion. The powers of contrast are skilfully brought to bear upon the subject; and the colouring of the flesh in the youthful Haidee is one of Mr. Hurlstone's most successful efforts in this high quality of art.

No. 181. *Hackney Coach*. J. Holmes.—Artists, as well as authors, must often wish to know, with Falstaff, where "a commodity of good names," or rather of good titles, may be had, calculated to give interest to their subjects. This is obviously a disputed fare; and the story is well told, between the threat on one hand, and the fear of missing the stage on the other.

No. 47. *The Mother*; and No. 69. *The Outcast*. E. Prentis.—We place these two pictures in juxtaposition, for the sake of the inference, that to the lack of the early and pious instruction represented in the first, may be ascribed the unhappy fate of the last. These performances are rendered farther interesting by the care and labour bestowed on their execution.

No. 34. *Boy and Donkey*, W. Shayer; and No. 38. *A Ride on the Donkey*, T. Clater.—In each of these little works the picturesque character of the ass is exhibited with a truth and accuracy worthy the pencil of Isaac Ostade. *The Ride on the Donkey* might, in the language of a sister kingdom, allowably be called the first lesson in horsemanship.

No. 126. *Portraits*. G. Lance.—Keeping in view the painting by this artist of *Der Junge Astronome* in the British Gallery, together with his examples of fruit and still-life, we cannot help considering him a very Proteus in art. In the example before us there is much to admire. The glittering display of plate, &c., in consequence of the skilful manner in which it is treated, does not put the portraits out of countenance.

No. 131. *Children's Play*. T. Webster.—Of course, mischief and noise from first to last! The urchin riot is here represented as surprising a boy, who, consequently, in the act of rocking, overturns "cradle and baby and all." The varied expression, and skilful execution of this entertaining production, rank it among the best of this able artist's works.

No. 86. *Diligence*. H. Wyatt.—Sleeping or waking, an object of interest and attraction, as well from the beauty of the subject as from the admirable style of the execution.

No. 83. *Portrait of Mrs. Fleetwood Shave*. Mrs. W. Carpenter.—A portrait of more unaffected grace and simplicity, or more tasteful in its design, can hardly be imagined; and with which the style of execution is in perfect accordance.

No. 252. *Portrait of Mr. H. P. Parker, in the Character of a Smuggler*. T. Clater.—With a feeling similar to that of the actor who desires to hand his portrait down to posterity in some favourite character, we here see Mr. Parker, who has so eminently distinguished himself in his pictures of smugglers and their dangerous enterprises. Mr. Clater has entered into the subject with great spirit, and with a bold and powerful pencil has represented the *free-trader* in a calm and contemplative posture, yet with pistol in hand, to shew his readiness for action.

[To be continued.]

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, OLD BOND STREET.

WE had a peep the other day at the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, which is to be opened to the public on Monday next. Although, perhaps, it may not be able to boast of any production of transcendent power and excellence, it certainly contains a

number of very able and pleasing drawings, which are well entitled to a visit. It is unfortunate for this Society that several of its members, who, if they had not entirely made, had greatly increased their reputation by belonging to it, have been received into the ranks of the veteran, and, we fear, rather hostile, corps in Pall Mall East. However, their places have been supplied by recruits of considerable promise. We will postpone until next week any particular notice of the various works of which the collection consists; and will content ourselves for the present with stating, that among the members and contributors appear the names of Messrs. Aylmer, Barnard, Bartholomew, Burbank, Burgess, Buss, Campien, Coligan, Crabbe, Downing, Duncan, Eglington, Fowler, Gale, Gavin, Gibson, Giles, Green, Hardwicke, Hobler, Howse, Jenkins, Jenner, Kearney, Lance, Laporte, Lindsay, Maisey, Marshall, Martin, Parke, Phillips, Platt, Powell, Pyne, Riviere, Robertson, Rochard, Sandhurst, Sheperd, Thorpe, Vickers, Ward, Watts, Weigall, Wills, Wood, Younger, &c. &c.; Messrs. Corbaux, Gouldsmith, Setchell, &c. &c.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHATEAUBRIAND.\*

Sicut nubes—quasi naves—velut umbra.  
To the Editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

Paris, 10th March, 1834.

SIR,—I have received the letter in which you have the goodness to ask me for the *Testamentary Preface* to my *Memoirs*. As M. J. Janin has announced the existence of those *Memoirs* with so much éclat, talent, and politeness in the *Revue de Paris*, my work being no longer a secret, there is no reason to prevent the communication of the MS. of the preface; which I therefore do myself the honour to send to you. Accept, &c. &c. CHATEAUBRIAND.

*Testamentary Preface.*

Paris, 1st Aug. 1832.

As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my death, as at my age the days granted to man are but days of grace, I will, for fear of being taken by surprise, give an account of a work which is destined, as it proceeds, to beguile for me the tedium of those last and forlorn hours for which nobody wishes, and which one knows not how to employ.

The *Memoirs*, at the head of which this preface will be placed, embrace, or will embrace, the whole course of my life; they were commenced in the year 1811, and have been continued up to this day. I relate in the part which is finished, and I shall relate in that which is only sketched out, my childhood, my education, my early youth, my entrance into the army, my arrival at Paris, my presentation to Louis XVIII, the beginning of the Revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my emigration in Germany and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and my works under the Emperor, my journey to Jerusalem, my occupations and my works under the restoration; lastly, the complete history of the restoration and its fall.

I have met with almost all the men who, in my times, have acted a part either great or small, both in foreign countries and in my own; from Washington to Napoleon; from Louis XVI. to Alexander; from Pius VII. to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, &c.; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mahomet Pasha

\* We have translated this characteristic and interesting document, which we are sure will be acceptable to every reader.—*Ed. L. G.*

of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Peyrouse, Moreau, &c. &c. I was one of a triumvirate of which there was no preceding example; three poets of different nations, and of contrary interests, were, almost at the same time, ministers of foreign affairs; myself in France, Mr. Canning in England, Martinez de la Rosa in Spain. I have successively passed through the vacant years of my youth, the busy years of the republican era, the pomp of the empire, and the reign of legitimacy.

I have explored the seas of the old and of the new world; I have trodden the soil of the four quarters of the globe; after having encamped under the hut of the Iroquois, and the tent of the Arab; in the wigwags of the Hurons; amidst the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, Carthage, and Grenada; among the Greeks, the Turks, and the Moors; in forests and ruins, after having worn the bear-skin coat of the savage, and the silk caftan of the Mameluke; after having endured poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I have sat down as minister and ambassador, covered with gold embroidery, and decorated with orders and ribands, at the tables of kings, at the fêtes of princes and princesses, to fall again into indigence, and to taste the hardships of a prison.

I have been connected with a multitude of persons celebrated in arms, in the church, in politics, in the magistracy, the sciences, and the arts. I am in possession of immense materials; above 4000 private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my several embassies, those belonging to the time when I was minister for foreign affairs, among which are unique and unknown documents belonging to myself. I have carried the musket of the soldier, the staff of the traveller, the wand of the pilgrim; a navigator, my fortunes have been as inconstant as my sail; a halcyon, I have made my nest upon the waves.

I have been engaged in peace and war; I have signed treaties and protocols; and published, by the way, numerous works. I have been initiated into party, court, and state secrets; I have seen, close at hand, the most extraordinary reverses, the most exalted fortunes, the greatest reputations. I have been present at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves; at the re-edification and demolition of thrones. I have made history,\* and I could write it. And my solitary, contemplative, poetical life, passed through this world of realities, of catastrophes, of tumult, of noise, with the sons of my dreams, Chactas, René, Eudore, Aben-Hamet; with the daughters of my chimeras, Atala, Amélie, Blanca, Velléda, Cymodocée. Within, and beside my age, I perhaps exercised on it, without desiring and without seeking it, a threefold influence—religious, political, and literary.

I have now left around me only three or four contemporaries of long-standing reputation. Alfieri, Canova, and Monti, are gone; of the days of its glory, Italy has only Pindemonte and Mazzoni; Pellico has wasted the best years of his life in the dungeons of Spielberg; the men of talent of the country of Dante are condemned to silence, or forced to pine in a foreign land. Lord Byron and Mr. Canning have died young; Walter Scott seems to be on the point of leaving us; Goethe has just departed, full of glory and of years. France has hardly any thing left of the riches of its former age; she commences another era. I remain to bury my age, like the old priest, who, in the sack of Beziers, was to toll the

bell before he himself fell, when the last of the citizens should have expired.

When death shall drop the curtain between me and the world, it will be found that my drama is divided into three acts.

From my youth till 1800, I was a soldier and a traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the consulate and the empire, my life was literary; from the restoration up to this time, my life has been political.

In the three successive periods of my career, I have always proposed to myself some great object;—as a traveller, I aspired to the discovery of the polar world; as an author, I have endeavoured to re-establish religion on its ruins; as a statesman, I have exerted myself to give to nations the true system of a representative monarchy, with its several liberties—I have at least assisted to obtain that one which is worth them all, which supplies the want of them, and stands as the head of a constitution—the liberty of the press. If I have often failed in my enterprises, it is the fault of my destiny. Foreigners who have succeeded in their designs were seconded by fortune; they were supported by powerful friends and a tranquil country: I have not been so fortunate.

Of the modern French authors of my date I am almost the only one whose life resembles his works; a traveller, a soldier, a poet, a legislator—it was in the woods that I sung of the woods; on board ships that I painted the sea; in camps that I have spoken of arms; in exile that I have learned exile; it was in courts, in public affairs, in assemblies, that I studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were mixed up with the state, and shared its fate. In Italy and Spain, at the close of the middle ages, and at the revival of letters, the most distinguished geniuses in literature and the arts participated in the social movement. What stormy and admirable lives were those of Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Ercilla, and Cervantes!

In France our ancient poets and historians sung and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and combats. Thibault Count of Champagne, Villehardouin, Joinville, borrowed the felicities of their style from the adventures of their career. Froissart seeks history on the high roads, and learns it of the knights and abbés whom he meets and with whom he journeys. But ever since the reign of Francis I., our writers have been insulated men, whose talents might furnish the expression of the spirit, but not of the facts of their epoch. If I am destined to live, I shall represent in my person, which is represented in my memoirs, the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes, the epoees of my times; the more so, as I have seen the end and the commencement of a world; and as the opposite characters of this end and of this commencement are blended in my opinions, I find myself between the two ages, as at the conflux of two rivers. I plunged into their troubled waves, leaving with regret the shore on which I was born, and navigating with hope towards the unknown coast—the resort of new generations.

The memoirs, divided into books and parts, are written in different times and in different places; these sections naturally lead to a kind of prologues, which relate what has happened since the last dates, and describe the places where I resume the thread of my narrative: and the varied events and the changing forms of my life are thus blended together. It often happens that, in my moments of prosperity, I have to speak of the time of my misfortunes,

and that, in my days of tribulation, I recall my day of happiness, and the divers sentiments of the different periods of my life, my youth penetrating into my old age, the gravity of my years of experience casting a gloom over my lighter years—the rays of my sun, from its rising to its setting, crossing and mingling with each other, like the scattered lights of my existence, give a sort of undefinable unity to my work; my cradle has some affinity with my tomb, my tomb with my cradle; my sufferings become pleasures, my pleasures pains; and it cannot be discovered whether these memoirs are the work of a brown or of a gray head.

I do not say this to praise myself, for I do not know if that is good—what I say, is that which has happened without my thinking of it, by the very inconstancy of the storms that assailed my bark, and which often left me, to write this, a short fragment of my life, only the shoal on which I had been shipwrecked.

I have composed these memoirs with a truly paternal predilection; and could wish to be resuscitated at the hour when phantoms are abroad to correct the proofs;—the dead go quickly.

The notes which accompany the text are of three kinds; the first, placed at the end of the volumes, include the explanations and justificatory documents; the second, at the bottom of the pages, were written at the same time as the text; the third, also at the bottom of the pages, have been added since the composition of the text, and both the date and place where they were written are given. A year or two's solitude in some corner of the earth would suffice for the completion of my memoirs; but I have never had any repose, except during the nine months that I slumbered in the bosom of my mother. It is probable I shall not regain this prenatal repose till I find it in the bosom of our common mother after death.

Many of my friends have urged me to publish immediately a portion of my history; I have not been able to comply with their wish. First, I should, in spite of myself, be less frank, less true. Then, I have always fancied that I was writing seated in my coffin; hence the work has assumed a sort of religious character which I could not take away without injuring it; I should be sorry to stifle that remote sounding voice which issues from the tomb, and which is heard in the whole course of the narrative. It will not be thought strange that I retain some weaknesses; that I am anxious about the fate of the poor orphan, who is destined to remain after me on the earth. If Minos should judge that I have suffered enough in this world to be at least a happy shade in the next, a little light from the Elysian fields, illumining my last picture, would serve to render less striking the faults of the painter. Life becomes me ill; death will perhaps become me better.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

HENRY JAMES HAKEWILL, SCULPTOR.

HENRY JAMES HAKEWILL was the third son of James Hakewill, Esq. and born at Grove Road, St. John's Wood, on the 11th of April, 1813;—he was consequently in his twenty-first year. He was originally destined for a different profession; but his taste and inclination directing him to the study of sculpture, he adopted it as his pursuit for life, and followed it with the most undeviating attention. His early studies in drawing and modelling were made under Mr. Sass, and he was entered a student of the Royal Academy in June, 1830. At the distribution of premiums in the following year, he received the second silver medal

\* *J'ai fait de l'histoire*, meaning, I have been engaged in affairs which will be matter of history.

for a model of the Apollino, and was admitted to study in the Life Academy. In 1832 he exhibited a whole-length model of a Sir Richard Beaumont, in armour of the time of Richard the First; and shortly after completed the model of Lady Beaumont, intended for the almshouses at Cheshunt, of which they were the original founders. The passing the Reform Bill appearing to offer him an opportunity for exerting himself in the higher department of portraiture, he modelled a small statue of Earl Grey, of which his friends thought so well as to form a committee for carrying it into execution on an enlarged scale. Lord Duncannon having consented to act as chairman, the resolution of the 13th of June approved the model, and public means were immediately taken for carrying it into effect. The subscriptions, however, not reaching the required sum, the plan remained suspended. Two circumstances connected with this statue, equally creditable to the good sense of the noblemen, the liberality of the Royal Academician, and the talent of the young sculptor, deserve mention. The Duke of Bedford on being applied to for his support, replied by letter from Devonshire:—"A statue of Earl Grey, to be placed in a conspicuous part of the new borough of Marylebone, ought to be by a first-rate artist; and as I have never before heard the name of Henry J. Hakewill as a sculptor, you must allow me to pause till I have made some further inquiries." On his grace's arrival in town, he called to see the model, expressed his almost entire satisfaction, inquired the highest sum subscribed by any individual, and ordered his name to be put down for the same amount. On a similar application being made to Earl Pomfret, his lordship desired himself to be considered as a subscriber of five pounds. Soon after he requested Mr. Baily, the sculptor, to call and see the model, and immediately informed the secretary that that gentleman's report was so favourable to the talent of the artist, that he desired that his subscription might be raised to ten pounds. In 1833 Mr. H. exhibited at the Royal Academy a basso-relievo from Lord Byron's Mazeppa, and busts of James Wadmore, Esq. and of a younger brother. During the spring and summer of the same year, besides numerous sketches for future works, he modelled a bust, of the heroic size, of Lord Chancellor Brougham; taking the opportunity of his lordship's sittings in his court (to which he paid an almost daily visit) to complete the likeness; and during the same period occupied himself in forwarding his group for the competition for the gold medal. Having determined his composition, and nearly completed his principal figures, he left town, to relax for a while from the constant exertion he had made, promising himself to continue his group with renewed vigour at his return. But his hopes, and those of his near connexions, were doomed to a severe reverse. On his return to town, the first symptoms of the awful malady made their appearance; and he again left London to try a change of air, for the removal of what was considered to be only a trifling cough. The appearances, however, soon became more decided; and, notwithstanding the unremitting and kind attentions of the most eminent professors, the art of medicine could not arrest the fatal result. From the time of his attack, in the month of September to the March following, he gradually sunk, with but few moments of hopeful character, and expired on the 13th of a rapid decline, with the most perfect composure of mind and manner, only regretting the trouble he feared he was giving to his anxious relatives. In his person he was tall and elegant, and his

face eminently beautiful; his manner and address were of the most prepossessing character—modest, unassuming, but collected; and in his own circle of friends and relatives his amiable and endearing conduct will never be forgotten. His works will prove that his friends did not augur too sanguinely in looking forward (had he been spared to them) to a successful career; their knowledge of his perseverance and method of study confirmed that expectation; and it will not be too much, in lamenting his early loss, to lament, at the same time, the almost certainty that his name would have ranked among the sculptors who have done honour to the country.

## DEATHS.

MANY deaths connected with and interesting to literature have struck us of late, and even within the last few days there are more than a common number of casualties of this kind,—casualties being the name given to the perpetual occurrence of these sad certainties. To-day we notice the loss of a young sculptor only rising into fame; while, from an absolute inability to collect such data as would do justice to them and to the public, we are compelled to abandon the idea of supplying memoirs of such men as Lord Grenville, Sotheby, C. Yorke,\* and other eminent, very eminent individuals, statesmen, poets, scholars.

But even since our last sheet met the public eye, (Geo. Cooke a little earlier,) the ranks of our memorable contemporaries have been almost simultaneously thinned in an extraordinary degree. Mrs. Burns, the widow of the immortal bard, and herself immortal in his song, has closed her long life in quietude and peace—denied to the genius of her gifted husband. Caley and Douce—antiquaries, learned, intelligent, full of curious information (and most kind and liberal in its communication to all who desired and deserved it), have departed from us in old age (74 and 77), and with them a mass of knowledge, such as we will venture to say does not survive in any number of their associates in similar pursuits. The library of the latter is one of the most extraordinary in the world.

Old Rudolph Ackermann too, the father of the Annuals, and in his day and line a spirited publisher, has, at three score and ten, been gathered to his fathers.

## MUSIC.

## THE CONCORDIA.

WE had not, till the present week, leisure to pay a visit to the Concordia, a musical instrument exhibiting at 28, Old Bond Street, the invention of a Mr. Niggel, who has lately imported it from Germany. It is a grand pianoforte, with two rows of keys, the lower row being an ordinary pianoforte, and the upper one imitating very successfully the tones of the violin, violoncello, harp, flute, and several other instruments; and this, merely by the agency of the fingers in the usual way, assisted only by a few extra pedals. We have before met with a cabinet pianoforte, which, by means of bellows and pedals, with a row and a half of keys, imitated two or three orchestral instruments. But its tones were much harsher than those of the Concordia, which is not only very superior in

\* We have had, indeed, considerable experience in the most difficult of all literary tasks, if performed conscientiously, the writing of contemporary biography; and we confess to having abandoned it in the *Literary Gazette*, in consequence of the insuperable obstacles to obtaining the truth, without which a parcel of dates and conjectures are worse than useless.—Ed. L. G.

its effects, but is constructed on a more simple principle, all its imitative sounds being produced from the ordinary strings of the pianoforte. The violin and violoncello imitations are particularly accurate; and many novel and diversified combinations may be obtained by means of the two rows of keys, while the effect of an instrumental quartett is produced by using both hands on the upper row. It is but justice to recommend this ingenious invention to the notice of all our musical readers.

## DRAMA.

LAST week we were happy because there was nothing to do with dramatic affairs: this week, oh, sad reverse! it has been

Critic here, critic there,  
Critic every where;  
Ah, me! what a life critic lead!

At Drury Lane an Easter Folly (truly so, and amusing enough) has been produced under the editing of Mr. Pocock, upon Tennant's clever poem, and called, accordingly, *Anster Fair*. To say that there is a good deal of fun in it, is to say all that need be; and that Bartley, Webster, Meadows (who has thorough perception of Scottish character), Mrs. Fitzwilliam, H. Cawse, Miss Poole, and Miss Lee, are all tasted to advantage in the hotch-potch. The enchanted piping is very droll; and the dancing of the movables worthy of the time.

At Covent Garden Mr. Planché has produced a new edition of *Le Pré aux Clercs*, under the name of *The Challenge*. It is nearly a translation from the French, and of course has not enabled him to display so much skill in altering and adapting as he previously exercised at the *Adelphi*. But it has more, if not all, of Herold's delightful music; and is in some points better, in some not so well, cast. Mr. Wilson sang beautifully, and was loudly encored. Miss Shirreff deserved and obtained similar applause. H. Phillips could not fail with his superb organ, but seemed inanimate; and Miss Inverarity shewed the reverse of improvement in distinct articulation or style. Seguin looked and sang admirably; while his wife (for the occasion), H. Cawse, was a help meet for him; and Harley made the most of the profligate *Canterelli*. The costume was a little patched in some instances; but several of the dresses were *comme il faut*.

As all the Easter pieces are what is now politely and elegantly called *Flare ups* or *Flares up* (for we are not sure of the exact classic phraseology), and more easy to be seen than described, we shall not attempt the delightful task of developing the links (flare up) which stand for plots in these enlightened productions.

The *Victoria* furnished two novelties. The first founded on the life of the notorious impostor Cagliostro, whose magical illusions, and some excellent scenery by Hilliard (whose talents are great in this line), were compounded into an interesting drama, with a comic underplot, in which Miss P. Horton, Latham, and Ross, were very amusing. The other is of the home-melo-tragic class; and introduced Miss Emily Graham as a most ill-used and unfortunate but very pretty gypsy. Mr. W. H. Williams was loudly encored in a comic song, and acted the part of a musical she-smuggler with much whim and talent. Both were successful.

Astley's, Ducrow's, horses are in their own stables again; and the *Wars of Wellington* are represented as aforesaid were the *Wars of Napoleon*. Somebody said that nothing was so unlike a battle as a review: we opine that a battle on the stage is still more unlike. But it is, after all, more agreeable to be slain in carica-

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ture than in reality: so vive Ducrow and his conservative drama!

The Surrey is gladdened by the presence of Yates, Mrs. Yates, Reeve, Honey, and the tail of the Adelphi, Lurlining it on t'other side of the river,—*alias* "bathing," as the bills express it, with Mr. Osbaldiston and others; who, by the by, are doing something else, only the placards read curiously. *N'importe*, the theatre is crush full every night.

At Sadlers' Wells they tell us there are prosperous novelties; and ditto at the Pavilion; and at the Fitzroy there are some two hundred poor little girls put into the way which it is melancholy to think they must go, through the corruptions of such an education. It is pitiful to see children at any time sacrificed to the late and wasting hours of dramatic entertainment; but to see crowds of them sedulously devoted to physical and moral destruction is a most melancholy and revolting spectacle.

Braham has re-appeared at Drury Lane, and is in high voice. Paganini, Mathews, and French plays at the Olympic, are among the novelties; and *Sardanapalus* has been postponed, say the bills in red ink, because "the noble author having written the part of *Myrrha* for Mrs. Mardyn, the lessee has the gratification to inform the public, that he has entered into an engagement with that lady for the performance of that character." And so stood the announcement on Wednesday; but perhaps the concocters might think it a little too strong even for the public, in whose face they so indecently chuckle when they gull it most outrageously; and on Thursday it was softened down to—"the noble author having, in the event of its being acted, intended the part of *Myrrha* for Mrs. Mardyn," &c.; while a puff paragraph was sent to the newspapers, and inserted in many of them, to the effect that Lord Byron had composed the part of "the Ionian *Myrrha* for Mrs. Mardyn, and instructed her in every point"! This scandalous attempt to pique curiosity, by reviving and giving a sort of posthumous currency to a foul and painful suspicion, which good feeling would have suffered to rest with the dust at Newstead Abbey, is abominable. To displace Ellen Tree, and substitute Mrs. Mardyn, who was a very pretty woman twenty years ago, and assign such a cause, is shameful and foolish. That it is altogether a falsehood, hardly adds to its ignominy; since it is well known that Byron wrote the play, late, in Italy, very long after he had any thing to do with the theatre or Mrs. Mardyn, who had left it, and whom he never saw from that time.

We have said that the *Challenge* is a very agreeable opera; but the managers themselves are better critics, and they only say that it is "one of the most perfect musical performances ever produced on the boards of the national theatres."

#### POLITICS.

A MINISTERIAL minority of eight in the French Chamber of Deputies, on the question of paying America 25,000,000 fr. for losses sustained in consequence of the Milan, &c. decrees, has led to the resignation of the Duc de Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Sebastiani, a minister of state without official appointments. From Spain there is also a little stirring news; for it is said the government has resolved on an expedition into Portugal, in order to drive Don Carlos from the frontiers;—an act which, if carried into effect, can hardly fail to embroil other powers in the war.

#### VARIETIES.

*Astronomy.*—Mr. Adams's Lent (and any thing but Lenten) entertainments were concluded on Saturday. His audience was crowded, as indeed it had been almost nightly throughout the whole of his instructive course. What a contrast are such scenes to those which now so entirely pervade our theatres: the beauties and harmonies of heaven are taught, and not the follies and vices of earth!

*Statue to Dr. Babington.*—This memorial, by public subscription, has been awarded to Mr. Behnes by the committee; and that distinguished artist is engaged to erect it in St. Paul's Cathedral. There was much competition, and of the highest order; but Mr. Behnes's model obtained the preference by a considerable majority of votes.

*Duchess de Berri's Pictures.*—We were not aware when we wrote the paragraph in our last No., that this collection had arrived in London for sale, with the object, we are told, of securing a competency for the young Duc de Bourdeaux when he comes of age. It is much wished, we believe, to sell the entire collection by private contract, and the sum asked is 50,000*l.*, said to be at least 20,000*l.* below their estimated value. Might not six or eight noblemen or gentlemen unite, as was done in the case of the Orleans Gallery, to speculate in this concern, so interesting to our school of fine arts? At any rate, we trust they will be exhibited. It is singular that neither Rubens nor Rembrandt appear in the catalogue. Could not the late duke, by whom the gallery was gradually formed, procure fit specimens of those great masters?

*The Tapir.*—The French journals mention that a tapir, from Sumatra, has been brought to that country, and erroneously state it to be the first living specimen which has reached Europe, while there is one in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. The form of the animal is well known from stuffed skins, such as in our Surgeons' Hall, and engravings; as are its habits from descriptions. In the present instance of transportation the stranger in its new climate sleeps and eats little in the day-time, but is awake all night, and feeds continually on fruits and herbage. It is quite docile and harmless.

*Rhinoceros.*—One of these animals has just been domiciled at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. It is young (about sixteen months old), and very tame, with all the characteristics of the race. It looks, indeed, like a miniature rhinoceros, being about the height of the largest hog, but more bulky. It is a curious object, and attracts much attention, even in these scenes of attraction, from birds and beasts of so many interesting kinds.

*New Process of Engraving, and new Process of Blasting.*—The frequent and useful application of science to practical purposes is one of the distinguishing features of our age. Electricity has been employed in engraving from steel plates; and we learn that the experiments are likely to lead to great improvements in that branch of art! On the other hand, the galvanic battery is turned with success to the instantaneous ignition of charges of gunpowder in blasting stones and rocks. In cases where large blocks are wanted, it is important that the different charges should explode at the same moment; and by the new arrangement, invented, we believe, by Professor Hare, in America, this is accurately accomplished. It also combines another great recommendation, namely, far more safety to the workmen. Our quarries at home will no doubt speedily avail themselves of so valuable a process.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*French Literature.*—The Memorandum-book of an Old German Statesman says on this subject, "there is in the French literature so predominant a spirit of insolent and horribly revolting immorality, that it ought to be our earnest endeavour to prevent our women, and our youth of both sexes, from reading these detrimental works. The French have ever made a mockery of the other Europeans, who have been weak enough to suffer it with impunity; but may Heaven preserve us from imitating the disgusting caricatures which now delight them in their novels and plays. The power of the French arms has done us Germans far less injury than the influence of taste and fashion, which made their language and manners universal, while many things, which in the time of Louis XIV. appeared amiable and pleasant on the banks of the Seine, became absurd and ridiculous by our clumsy imitation. Integrity, fidelity, justice, and moderation, can alone make a people great;—and where are these to be found among the French? Literature is the mirror of the spirit of the age; and, verily, the cruelty of savages is humanity itself, compared with the refinement of cannibalism in which the modern French poets delight to revel; and never was the literature of any nation so disgraced by the accumulation of pictures of moral enormity, as that of France is at this moment. The images of horror and crime in ancient literature are still interesting; we see abandoned and profligate men, but yet they are men; we can abhor the monster, and yet shed for him the tear of commiseration. But whether shall our sickened and disgusted imaginations turn, when we read Victor Hugo's 'Lucretia Borgia'? Where is there an abyss of moral degeneracy to be compared with that which is exhibited to us on the stage in the *Tour de Nesle*? How do Balzac, Sue, Janin, and Hugo prostitute their talents! and with what satisfaction, with what horrible delight, do they indulge in pictures of the deepest degradation of the moral dignity of man! This poison, which is diffused throughout the whole of modern French literature, must inevitably have the most baleful influence upon the people. Among the many thousands who frequent the theatres, there must undoubtedly be hundreds who never could have conceived that there could be such a monster as Lucretia Borgia; and this ignorance of crime, of wickedness, and vice, is itself innocence—sacred innocence; and we do to that man who abuses his talents to desecrate and murder innocence!"—[We have extracted this, as a curious coincidence with the opinions on the same subject expressed in the last No. of the *Quarterly Review*.—Ed. L. G.]

#### In the Press.

Black Gowns and Red Coats, or, Oxford in 1834, a Satire, addressed to the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of that University, Field Marshal, &c. &c.

The Eton Question considered, addressed to the Author of "Some Remarks on the Present Studies and Management of Eton School, by a Parent."

The History of the British Isles, from the remotest times to the arrival of the Saxons, by Count Wackerbarth, author of the "History of the Great Teutones," "Revolutions of China," &c. &c.

The Zoological Text-Book, or an Explanation of all the Terms employed by Zoologists in the description of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Insects, Shells, &c., with numerous Plates, by G. R. Gray, M.E.S. Also, by the same, and in a similar manner, the Entomologist's Popular Guide to the Study and Classification of British Insects.

Lays for the Dead, by Mrs. Opie.

A Plan for the better Security of Vessels navigating the River Thames, by the application of Gas, by a Naval Officer.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hooker's Journal of Botany, being a second series of the Botanical Miscellany, Part II. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—References to Select Scripture Passages, by Edwin Laundry, 12mo. 4*d.* sewed.—The Glasgow University Calendar, for the Session 1833-34, 12mo. 1*s.* sewed.—Public Record Commission, Nicolas's Proceedings, &c. of the Privy Council of England, from Richard II. to Henry V. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*—Wee Watty, a Comic Tale, by A. Picken, illustrated by H. Cruikshank, royal 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Cruikshank's Cabinet Library of Fun, first and second series, royal 18mo. each 6*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—J. Gurney's Essays on Christianity, fifth ed. 12mo. cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.*

—The Way of Peace, 18mo. 1*s.* sewed.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By our extra sheet this week, we work off a portion of arrears, and are enabled to review a number of new publications, of which there is an influx just now. To keep pace with these, and up with the "march of intellect" in other respects, is our object in inflicting so much reading on our friends in one week.

A. H. will pardon us for considering our own information on the subject of his letter to be superior to his; and consequently we are not inclined to accept his proposed corrections.

The verses, "Saint Laurent's Wall," are too irregular and too long.

"Twilight" cannot see the light through the L. G.; though

"A star from the skies so slyly is peeping  
Into a closing flower."

W. F. G. Watson is received, and under consideration. ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 239, col. 2, l. 65, for "Rev. J. H. Grant," read "Rev. J. H. Evans."

# ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## CLOSING OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL SALE.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, April 19th.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

The Gallery will be re-opened early in May, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters.

### THE KING'S PICTURES of the BATTLE of TRAFALGAR, painted by W. J. Huggins (Marine Painter to his Majesty), and exhibited, by permission of his most gracious Majesty, with a Gallery of superb Paintings, amongst which are the celebrated Cherubim and Seraphim of Correggio, taken from the Vatican by Napoleon; forming the third annual Exhibition, Exeter Hall, Strand.

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To be viewed on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday previous to the Sale; and Catalogues, price 5s. are now ready for delivery.

### PRIVATE COLLECTION of the late GEORGE COOKE, Esq. deceased.

Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, respectfully inform the Collectors and Public, that on Wednesday, April 30, and following days, they will Sell by Auction, by order of the Executors, the Private Collection of Drawings, by modern Artists, and some by old Masters, selected from his own and other modern publications, and a valuable and interesting Assemblage of Autographs of the late George Cooke, Esq. of Barnes. Further particulars will be given.

### CRUIKSHANK "AT HOME."—Suum Cuique.

The graphic powers of Mr. Cruikshank's pencil being so well known and so readily recognised, it seems hardly necessary to say, that the designs in this popular work are exclusively his own, and not those of his younger brother. Some ill-advised person, however, having, through the medium of the public press, insinuated that the "honours are divided," it is no more than right to contradict the insinuation as soon as it is made.

Cruikshank "at Home," Vol. I. is reprint-

ed, and may be had of all Booksellers.

Vol. II. is published this day.

Vol. III. will appear May 1st.

William Kidd, 14, Chandos Street, West Strand.

## MUSIC.

On the 1st of March was published,  
By Charles Knight, 25, Ludgate Street,  
The First Number of

### THE MUSICAL LIBRARY, to appear in Numbers, every Saturday, price Fourpence.

On the 1st of April was published, price 1s. 6d.

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Music, sewed in a wrapper.

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Overture to La Clemenza di Tito..... Mozart.

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three hands on the Piano-forte..... Kalkbrenner.

Overture to the Occasional Oratorio, newly ar-  
ranged..... Handel.

Minuet and Trio, from a Grand Symphony,  
newly arranged..... Haydn.

*Vocal.*

Madrigal, four Voices, "Awake, sweet Love,"  
with an ad libitum Piano-forte Accompani-  
ment..... Dowland.

Canzonet, "Forgive me," never before published,  
in England..... Haydn.

Do. do. do. "The Seaman's Grave"..... Pacini.

Do. do. do. "Come opprima un gran contento"  
..... Righini.

Song, do. "The Kiss, dear Maid"..... Mendelssohn.

Song, do. "Toll the Knell" (from Mahmud)..... Storace.

Glee, two Sopranos and a Bass, "Forgive, bless  
Shade," with an ad libitum Piano-forte Ac-  
companiment added for this Work..... Callcott.

Sirens' Duet, "Two Daughters of this aged  
Stream"..... Purcell.

Song, "How deep the slumber of the Flood"..... Lowe.

On the 5th of April was also published, price 6d. sewed in a  
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dreadful realities of war, and its appalling train of concomitant  
miseries, and dissipate the delusive halo by which those who  
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—*Edinburgh Review.*

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